TRUSTING FUKUYAMA • ARE BREAST IMPLANTS OK?

SEPTEMBER 11, 1995 • $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Sullivan on *George* • Cooper on Bradley • A *New Yorker* Parody!

THE EVIL EMPIRE

#BXBKDML ******* 3-DIGIT 757
#757558A11IRY007# 012996
HO NWRE S00327
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

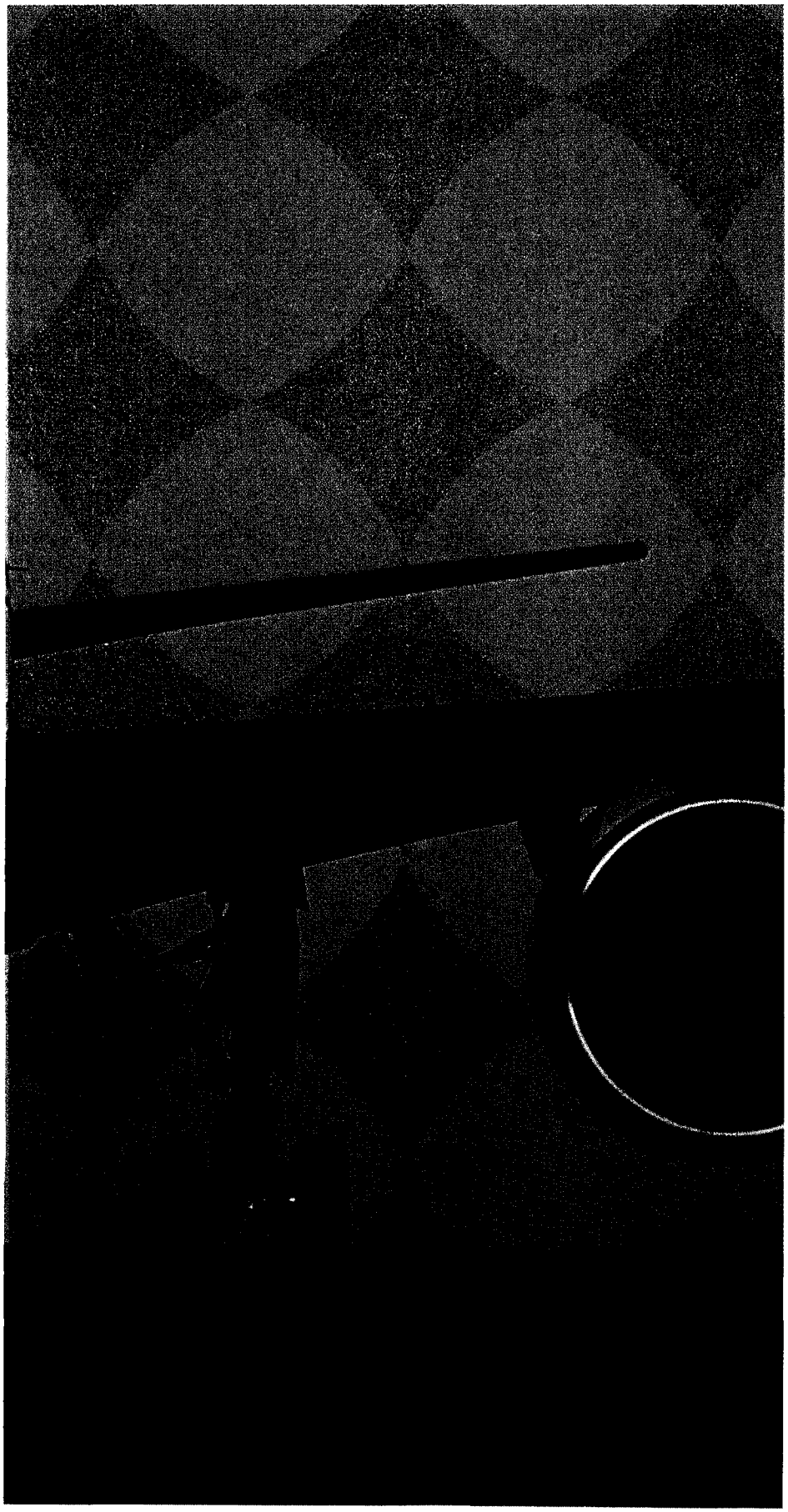
THE REAL SCOOP ON BEN & JERRY'S CRUNCHY CAPITALISM

BY HANNA ROSIN

37
49140
0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



No one flies alone.

As our 777 enters service, it's fitting to measure time against the first milestone. From go-ahead to first flight was 3½ years; flight tests, 12 months more. But, consider another time dimension: the future. The 777 family will fly passengers until mid-century —say, 2050 or so. Those who designed the 777 will retire before the airplane itself. So, while we're still at the beginning, here's to those who made it possible —customers, shareholders and Boeing people alike. They can savor the thought that, working together, they've extended the gift of flight to generations yet unborn.

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Juiced

"[A]ll these niggers in L.A. city government ... all of 'em should be lined up against a wall and fucking shot."
—Mark Fuhrman, as recorded by Laura Hart McKinny

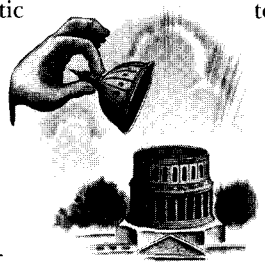
Did even Johnnie Cochran ever imagine that the cop who found a bloody glove at O.J. Simpson's house would say *that* on tape? Turns out Detective Fuhrman *is* dumb enough to use the "n-word," then deny it under oath. Suddenly you can't just dismiss the defense theory that O.J. was set up.

The prosecutors in Oklahoma City better not take a conviction for granted, either. At about the same time the Fuhrman tapes surfaced, the paranoid fantasies of the ultraright also received an unexpected fillip. The FBI paid $3.1 million to the family of gun-nut Randy Weaver, compensation for killing Weaver's wife during a 1992 siege of his Idaho cabin that appears to have been bungled and whitewashed by the Bureau after all. Knowing this, will Midwest jurors take more seriously the defense being prepared by Tim McVeigh's attorneys: that he, too, is a government fall guy?

Scoff at the prospect of an acquittal for McVeigh if you want; laugh at the circus in Judge Ito's court if you still can. But Simpson's defense is teaching a powerful lesson in the uses of paranoia. Not clinical paranoia, but political paranoia, that venerable mainstay of our political culture defined by historian Richard Hofstadter in his 1964 essay, "The Paranoid Style in American Politics":

> The paranoid disposition is mobilized into action chiefly by social conflicts that involve ultimate schemes of values and that bring fundamental fears and hatreds, rather than negotiable interests, into political action.... The situation becomes worse when the representatives of a particular political interest ... cannot make themselves felt in the political process. Feeling that they have no access to political bargaining or the making of decisions, they find their original conception of the world of power as omnipotent, sinister and malicious fully confirmed.

Hofstadter was writing about the right-wing followers of Joseph McCarthy and the John Birch Society. Oklahoma City shows such angry and alienated people are still around and, if anything, more dangerous than before. Hofstadter is also relevant to modern African American politics, however. His analysis encompasses Cochran's defense—and helps explain why it has so much support in the black community, where even wilder theories (about the genocidal origins of AIDS, for example) also flourish. Indeed, the penchant for conspiracy theory on both sides of America's racial divide is ironic evidence that blacks and whites do partake of a common political culture after all—characteristic forms of demagogy included.



The paranoid style is effective for two main reasons. First, Hofstadter wrote, it offers a worldview that is "far more coherent than the real world, since it leaves no room for mistakes, failures or ambiguities." Objectively viewed, the O.J. Simpson story fits no simple paradigm about race or racism. Exhibit A is the defendant himself, worshiped by the (mostly white) public, welcome at private golf clubs, rich enough to buy almost a year of eye-glazing due process. His marriage to Nicole Brown, not to mention his multiple flings with other white women, would have been unthinkable, perhaps suicidal, only a few decades ago. In post-'60s L.A., they were merely the stuff of gossip. When white cops, including Fuhrman, caught Simpson beating up Nicole in years past, he got off easy. If anything, the police conspired to *protect* the big shot with whom they routinely traded favors. Then there is the Japanese-American judge; black and Jewish lawyers working together at both the defense and prosecution tables; witnesses of all ethnicities; and, most important, a painstakingly selected jury that is three-fourths black.

It seems perfectly possible to me that Mark Fuhrman is a thuggish cop capable of planting evidence *and* that a mountain of data independent of his testimony nevertheless inculpates Simpson. In an adversarial American trial, however, with its "reasonable doubt" standard of proof, there are few incentives to pursue such nuanced, as opposed to absolute, truths. This is where Hofstadter's second caveat comes in: even paranoids have real enemies. As Johnnie Cochran knows in his bones, a rational basis for black paranoia about the justice system exists. Brutality and crude racial attitudes are not the norm among police, but they are more common than many whites realize or care to admit. In Prince George's County, Maryland, police recently descended on the home of a black man witnesses had fingered as a cop-killer. After dragging him from his bed and savagely beating him, they held him in jail for weeks before admitting the witnesses were wrong. In historical terms, the case for black suspicion is even stronger, as a thousand travesties by all-white Southern juries attest.

Hofstadter wrote: "What distinguishes the paranoid style is not the absence of verifiable facts, but rather the curious leap in imagination that is always made at some critical point in the recital of events." And, thanks to the Fuhrman tapes, the "curious leap" required to accept the Simpson defense now looks more like a reasonable doubt. Cochran has the smidgen of fact he needs to awaken whatever ingrained racial fear may be harbored by at least one member of the jury—and thus to nullify a vast quantity of incriminating evidence. The defense has succeeded in redrawing the battle lines. No longer is it *People* v. *Simpson*; it is *Us* v. *Them*. Even sequestered black jurors must know Simpson is viewed sympathetically by many in their communities and that a vote to convict risks ostracism.

This, too, represents fundamental racial change, albeit of an ironic kind. Once it was routine for Southern juries to convict black defendants based on little more than paranoia. This was the closing argument of the white prosecutor in the 1933 trial of the Scottsboro Boys, nine young black men who were being defended by Communist-supported lawyers from New York against trumped-up interracial rape charges: "Show them that Alabama justice can't be bought and sold with Jew money from the North!" Simpson's defense shows we have progressed to the point where black defendants, too, have access to the formerly whites-only privilege of exploiting racial fear, albeit more subtly.

The Simpson defense is obnoxious because it affronts our ideal notions of the rule of law, according to which courts are supposed to base their decisions on a calm review of the evidence, not emotions smuggled in from the political and social hurly-burly outside. But as Johnnie Cochran would no doubt reply, coolly straightening his silk tie, paranoia is as American as Monday Night Football.

CHARLES LANE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 11, 1995

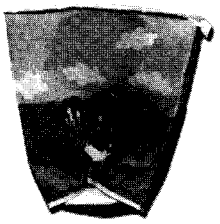
FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,208

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Executive Editor
MARGARET TALBOT
Senior Editors
MATTHEW COOPER, ANN HULBERT, JOHN B. JUDIS, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES LANE, MICHAEL LEWIS, MICHAEL LIND, JAMES WOOD, ROBERT WRIGHT
Managing Editor
DAVID GREENBERG
Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry
MARK STRAND
Dance
MINDY ALOFF
Photography
LUC SANTE
Art
JED PERL
New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PAUL GOLOB
Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, JACOB HEILBRUNN, ANNA HUSARSKA, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E. V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD
Associate Editors
PETER BEINART, NADER MOUSAVIZADEH, HANNA ROSIN, RUTH SHALIT
Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Assistant
HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editors
DEBRA DUROCHER, JENNIFER BRADLEY
Literary Assistant
MELANIE REHAK
Reporter-Researchers
BETH JOHNSTON, DAVID KURNICK, ELISSA SILVERMAN

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA
Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN
Associate Publisher-Advertising
JAMES J. McCABE
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER
Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS
Advertising Assistant
CLAIRE P. STERN
Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH
Circulation Assistant
CAROLYN BERRY
Back Issues and Reception
MARGO JOHNSON



Cover by Eric Baker and Peter Mazurczyk for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 22.

4 **CHARLES LANE** TRB: JUICED America's equal opportunity paranoia.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** Eric Foner vs. Ronald Radosh, policing the world &c.

9 **THE EDITORS** THE BROTHERS KAMEL A feud in the house of Saddam.

10 **NOTEBOOK** Yasir Arafat's hypocrisy, Robert Mugabe's hang-ups &c.

12 **KEN FELLATA** AWESTRUCK Another exclusive from the business world.

13 **MATTHEW COOPER** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: DEEP THOUGHTS What's so great about Bradley?

14 **SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ** MAPPED OUT Fantasizing about Tudjman's smoking menu.

16 **MATTHEW MILLER** THE ABOLITIONISTS The latest GOP panacea for deficit reduction is eliminating whole Cabinet departments. Dream on.

17 **MARCIA ANGELL** ARE BREAST IMPLANTS ACTUALLY OK? Lawsuits against breast implant makers are bringing in billions. But where's the evidence they do harm?

22 **HANNA ROSIN** THE EVIL EMPIRE Ben and Jerry have become the Mother Teresas of ice cream. The real scoop is a little more complex. Inside the surprisingly corporate world of Rainforest Crunch and Cherry Garcia.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: VISION TERRITORY Chekhov is sensitively transported to Australia in *Country Life*, and Julia Roberts drowns in froth in *Something to Talk About*.

27 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ON THEATER: THE DEATH OF THE COLLECTIVE IDEAL When nonprofit theater becomes yet another casualty of corporate values.

30 **MINDY ALOFF** ON DANCE: FAMILY VALUES Martha Graham and the art of succession.

36 **ROBERT M. SOLOW** BUT VERIFY *Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity* by Francis Fukuyama

39 **CHARLES LANE** DON'T CRY FOR ME, GUATEMALA *Bridge of Courage* by Jennifer Harbury; *Between Two Armies in the Ixil Towns of Guatemala* by David Stoll

42 **IRA SADOFF** POEM *Biographical Sketch*

43 **ANDREW SULLIVAN** WASHINGTON DIARIST: PANINARO

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 213, Number 11, Issue 4,208, September 11, 1995. (Printed in the U.S. on August 23, 1995.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 21 & 28, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1995) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1995 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Talking American

To the editors:
"Accomplices to Genocide" (August 7) stated that "the United States is the only power in the world that can stop the ethnic cleansing [in Bosnia]." On that unproven "premise," other statements of dubious validity were based: "The United States is responsible if the ethnic cleansing continues," and President Clinton is "an accomplice to genocide."

U.S. involvement in Bosnia was further encouraged through a bandwagon appeal to American pride and nationalism, claiming that "more and more Americans would like to know why we are standing by and doing nothing." American citizens, though "wary" of "foreign entanglements," were said to be "ready for the good fight; and they are not timid." Those willing to risk their lives on missions to prevent moral atrocities were said to be speaking "American."

While a full-scale American invasion of Bosnia was not called for, concerns about a ground war were dismissed as simply "a fantasy designed to frighten us away from the military actions that could have halted, and can still halt, the horror." The burden of proof to show why such a serious prospect is mere "fantasy" falls upon those making the claim, yet not a hint was provided. Putting an end to a "horror" usually requires more than a "fantasy." THE NEW REPUBLIC should encourage cool-headed realism, not oversimplification or trumped up emotional appeals. The situation in Bosnia, morally compelling as it is, already has enough emotionalism and nationalism to go around.

JACK LONGMATE
Poulsbo, Washington

To the editors:
You state with regard to Bosnia, "Since the United States is the only power in the world that can stop the ethnic cleansing, the United States is responsible if the ethnic cleansing continues." That sounds like Robert McNamara circa 1966. So we are the world's policeman, and we need only fill in the blanks to keep our country bleeding forever. For example, "since the United States is the only power in the world that can stop [the slaughter in Rwanda], the U.S. is responsible...." Similar statements can be devised for the oppression of the Kurds, the dictatorships in Burma and Cambodia and any other injustice that appears on tonight's news.

J. PAUL KNAP
Brookfield, Wisconsin

To the editors:
You can't hang this one on President Clinton. He's the perfect match for the American mood. Talk big, talk ideals, but don't use force.

America has a long and dishonorable history of standing by as some part of the world burns. Do you expect the America who withdrew all military and monetary help from the only free government Russia had ever known (Kerensky, 1917), who refused to join the League of Nations (1919), who watched the Japanese rape Manchuria (1931), who watched Italy gas Ethiopia into submission (1936), who for years stood by while Germany pillaged Europe (twice), who accused FDR of dragging us into World War II, who demanded the greatest Allied army the world has ever seen be immediately disbanded so we couldn't stand up to Russia (1945), who still deplores the atomic force that saved thousands of lives on both sides, who abandoned China to the butchery of Mao Tse-tung (1949), who refused to send even one relief plane to support the successful Hungarian revolt (1956), who would not support a victory in either Korea or Vietnam, do you really expect this America to be shamed by a few thousand dead in the Balkans? Come on. We can live with that. There isn't anything Clinton or Warren Christopher could do that would add very much to our history of shame.

RICHARD S. BLAKE
East Falmouth, Massachusetts

Stripped nuptials

To the editors:
Andrew Koppelman's piece on the Hawaii same-sex marriage case ("No Fantasy Island," August 7) has a firm grip on the facts and presented them more lucidly than one could find almost anywhere else. But the final sentence of the piece, that it's likely to lead to the abolition of Hawaiian marriage in its entirety, though quintessentially TNR clever, is absurd.

Koppelman clearly understands the parallels between *Baehr* and the *Loving* case that struck down miscegenation laws back in 1967. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to see that solving the problem of institutional inequality by eliminating the institution also mirrors a proposed solution to a similar issue of that time. In the early 1960s, some Southern cities sought to obviate court orders to integrate public pools by simply shutting them down. Yes, people were still free to cool themselves off via garden hoses and fire hydrants, but everybody, black residents especially, felt it somehow just wasn't the same.

To be sure, Koppelman wasn't actually supporting these ideas, only speculating on their likelihood. But currently married Hawaiians will not tolerate being stripped of their nuptials. Their revulsion to this idea would tower over any lingering qualms about gay marriage. No, the Hawaiian courts and the Hawaiian people, along with the American people, will ultimately reject any such face-saving contrivances, just as they will accept the idea that gay people do, indeed, love. The idea that, as we seek marriage for ourselves, we'll somehow drag down the institution altogether is merely paranoia.

JEFF NICKEL
President,
The Forum on the Right to Marriage
East Boston, Massachusetts

Getting even

To the editors:
On the thirtieth anniversary of the Rosenbergs' execution, Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton made a convincing case for the prosecution in *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth.* On the fortieth anniversary, the American Bar Association's convention featured a moot-court Rosenberg trial that ended with a verdict of innocence. But now Radosh triumphantly waves top-secret documents with conclusive proof of the couple's guilt ("The Venona Files," August 7). Does this new evidence make any difference? Of course not. Radosh should just relax and realize that the Rosenbergs invoked by his opponents are not historical but rather mythological characters—witness Tony Kushner's *Angels in America* or E.L. Doctorow's *Book of Daniel.*

And who brought about this situation? Dwight D. Eisenhower. By refusing to commute the death sentences, Ike transformed two minor spies into mythological figures who will live forever in American martyrology. (And by his action, Ike permitted the Communist propaganda machine to shift the world's attention away from the contemporaneous Slansky case, which involved the judicial murder of eleven Czech party leaders, eight of them Jewish.) Who would now remember the Rosenbergs if they had simply disappeared for a life behind bars, as did the equally traitorous Walker family or Aldrich Ames? Indeed, who now remembers the arch conspirator Klaus Fuchs, the linchpin of the Rosenberg case, who drifted into obscurity after serving his fourteen-year term in a British prison?

WILLIAM M. BURKE
San Francisco, California

To the editors:
Readers of TNR may wonder why I am the only historian singled out for criticism in Ronald Radosh's article on the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed in 1953 for espionage. Unlike scholars who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have published extensively on the subject, my relevant writing consists of a three-page foreword to an edition of their letters. I did, however, publish a critical review of Radosh's book on the subject more than a decade ago.

Hell hath no fury like an author scorned. Obviously, Radosh has been waiting for an opportunity to get even for my negative review, which criticized his slipshod use of evidence and his gullibility in dealing with the testimony of government informers. Newly released documents may bear on the Rosenberg case, but they don't make Radosh's book any better. Nor do they justify the inflammatory headline on the cover: "THE ROSENBERGS WERE GUILTY," since they offer no evidence that Ethel Rosenberg was a participant in espionage and do not demonstrate that the Rosenbergs stole the "secret" of the atomic bomb, the crime for which they were executed.

In the above-mentioned foreword, I wrote that, in addition to the question of guilt and innocence, historians need to examine the trial and execution of the Rosenbergs in the context of the times. Radosh calls on me to admit that I was "wrong," but I hardly see how the new documents bear on this. They contain nothing about the trial itself, with its now-well-known misconduct on the part of the prosecution, which fabricated evidence, and Judge Kaufman, who communicated secretly with the prosecution and FBI while presiding and charged the Rosenbergs with causing the Korean War. They do not alter my judgment that the death penalty was an abomination, which must be understood in terms of the political climate of the McCarthy era.

ERIC FONER
New York, New York

Screeds

To the editors:

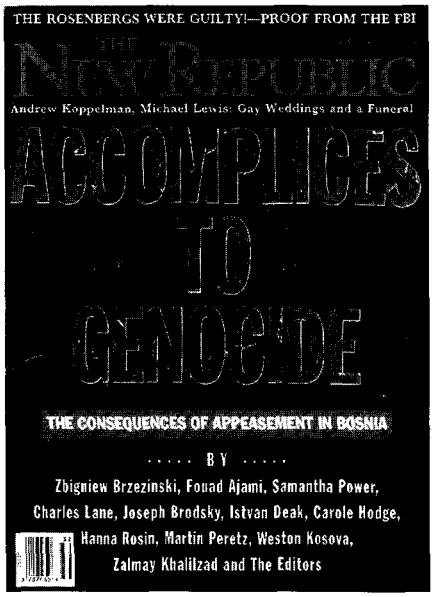
Is there something shameful about using a wheelchair? Your Notebook (August 7) appears to think so, considering the vehemence with which it rejects my "screed" suggesting that, in the monument now under construction, Franklin Delano Roosevelt be depicted as the disabled person he was. It is not, as you call it, an "ideology"; it is a fact: FDR was a polio paraplegic who used a wheelchair because he could not walk. Get used to it.

HUGH GREGORY GALLAGHER
Cabin John, Maryland

To the editors:

Your brief screed denouncing, among other things, the prospect of national referendums (Notebook, August 7) was unconvincing. You argued: (a) the referendum process has been an abject failure in states such as California; (b) mass referendums are alien to our political culture; (c) Ross Perot endorsed national referendums and he is a "nut case"; and (d) no provision is made for national referendums in the Constitution.

Aside from your telling insight that Ross Perot is a flake and that "unmediated teledemocracy" is a stupid idea, you are wrong on all remaining counts: (a) Californians have effectively legislated on controversial issues from tax reform to immigration reform because they have the means to circumvent the special interest logrolling of their legislature; (b) the litany of current federal government practice readily accepted today that was once "alien to our political culture" is virtually endless; (c) (see above); and; (d) as you know, the Constitution


THE ROSENBERGS WERE GUILTY!—PROOF FROM THE FBI
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Andrew Koppelman, Michael Lewis: Gay Weddings and a Funeral
ACCOMPLICES TO GENOCIDE
THE CONSEQUENCES OF APPEASEMENT IN BOSNIA
BY
Zbigniew Brzezinski, Fouad Ajami, Samantha Power, Charles Lane, Joseph Brodsky, Istvan Deak, Carole Hodge, Hanna Rosin, Martin Peretz, Weston Kosova, Zalmay Khalilzad and The Editors

has previously been amended; more pointedly, the Constitution is further amended daily, often quite radically, by the ideological whim and whimsy of the federal judiciary. The only way to permanently diminish the size and scope of the welfare state is to give people other than those who have made the care and feeding of that state their life's work additional power to alter and contain it.

SEAN MCAVOY
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Masquerade

To the editors:

It's curious—Charles Lane's is the only voice in his attack on me ("Kenney Be Trusted?" August 7). Didn't he talk to anyone on the record? Should his opinion masquerade as serious journalism? Does one even respond to such a personal attack on honor and reputation?

When Lane interviewed me, on numerous key points he couldn't quote back to me correctly what I'd told him. In this attack he gets facts wrong and willfully mischaracterizes the timing of my changes in view, as well as my intent. The onus of proof isn't on me to correct the record. Still, some reply is in order.

I approach the crisis in the former Yugoslavia with the attitude that I don't have every answer. I try to use common sense and rational arguments to look at policy options. Where's the sin? My record is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to look: over the course of almost three years, I've written more than forty articles, given hundreds of radio and TV interviews and lectured to well over 100 groups. My evolution has been gradual. I changed my mind on lifting the arms embargo, for example, in print in the *Post* in May 1993. Through 1993 I argued—with a small group that included Senator Richard Lugar and General Bill Odom—for intervention with large numbers of ground forces and the disarming of all local combatants. My recommendation for a negotiated peace in early 1994 preceded the Contact Group's formation and its initial plan. My recommendation for more negotiations with the Serbs today precedes what may become another Western policy shift. This isn't overnight conversion. Nor have my views at any time been particularly popular. My arguments speak for themselves. Please, engage them.

The difficult thing about the Yugoslav crisis is that both facts on the ground and Western political constraints continuously and rapidly change. Measures that were appropriate once upon a time weren't appropriate later. There's quite a difference, then, between apparent but false consistency in tactics and a true consistency in broad goals. I've always been consistent in trying to find policies that put American interests first.

Since resigning as a foreign service officer I've worked exclusively freelance, for a small fraction of any former salary. This way, I say what I want, when I want, and to whom I want. I keep working on an issue in which I feel a deeply vested interest. And I survive. Believe it or not, my reward is simply my belief that I'm doing socially valuable work.

GEORGE KENNEY
Washington, D.C.

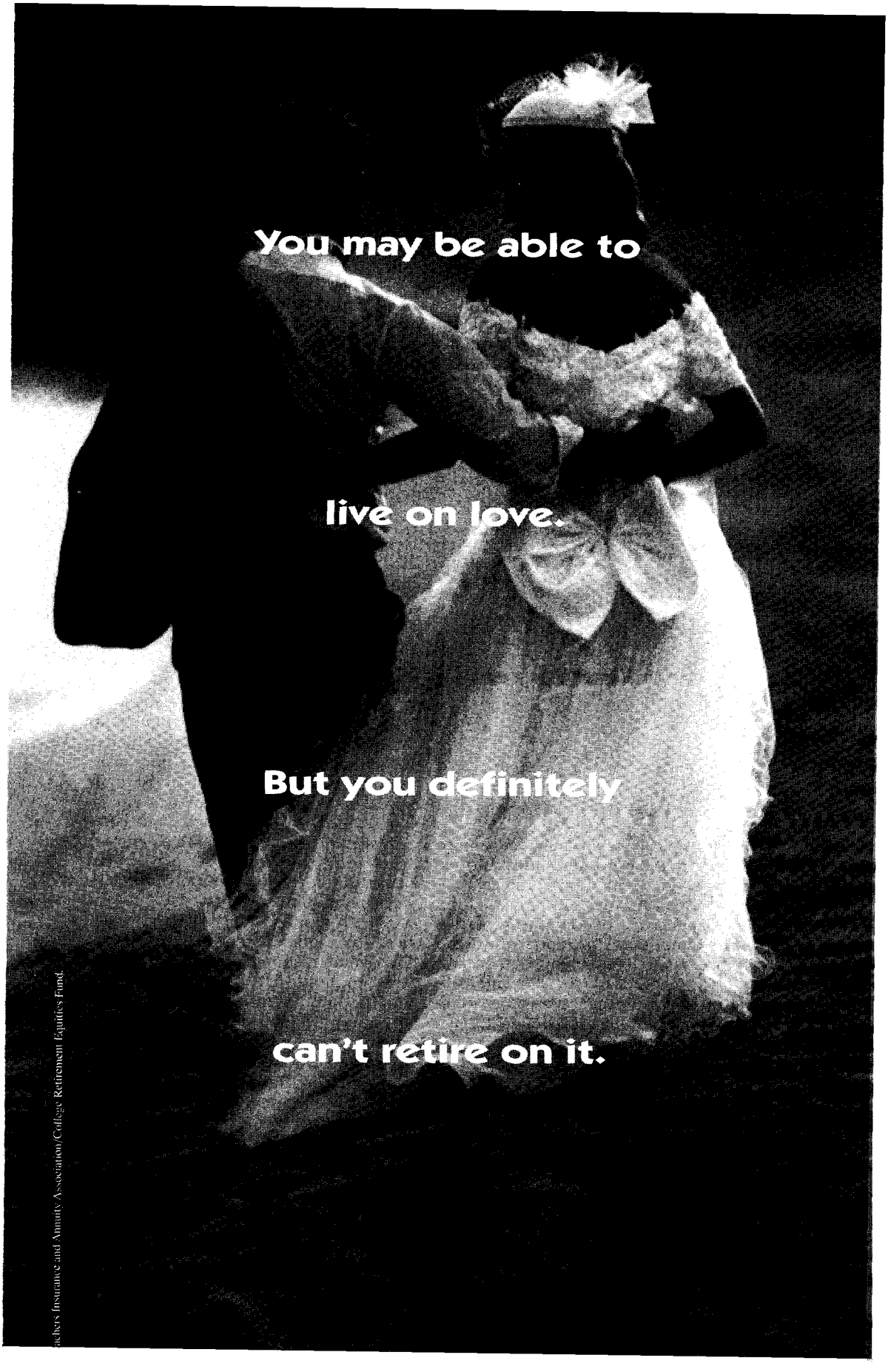
The end

To the editors:

It's good to see that Michael Lewis's Diarist has progressed from asses to ashes ("The Good Funeral," August 7).

DENNIS B. FITZGIBBONS
Arlington, Virginia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association/College Retirement Equities Fund.

TIAA-CREF.

Proven

Solutions

To Last

a Lifetime.

A great relationship may do a lot for you emotionally. But it's not going to help the two of you much financially. For a comfortable, worry-free future, you need sound advice and solid thinking. That's why over 1.7 million people depend on TIAA-CREF. We offer investment, insurance, and personal savings plans that can help you reach your financial goals. To find out more, call 1 800 226-0147 for a free Personal Investing Kit, including a current CREF Prospectus. It's your first step towards developing a lasting relationship—with your money. TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research.

For more complete information, including fees and expenses, please read the CREF Prospectus offered above. Read it carefully before investing.

TIAA CREF

Ensuring the future for those who shape it℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 11, 1995

THE BROTHERS KAMEL

It is as good as the best Mafia chronicles, the family brawl in Baghdad. Saddam Hussein's oldest son, Uday, who once bludgeoned to death his father's valet, is on a roll. The family business—the security of his father's regime, the contraband trade in oil that keeps the ruling clan going, the propaganda work and the press—is increasingly his and his younger brother's. A shoot-out is said to have taken place among the clan after a dinner gathering turned into a settlement of accounts. A half-brother of the dictator who had been a mainstay of the regime was reportedly injured in the brawl; his son may have been killed. Two trusted aides, the dictator's sons-in-law as well as Saddam's cousins, flee to Amman with their wives. Uday and the dictator's half-sister turn up across the border urging the daughters to return. But to no avail; the two women cast their fate with their husbands, who now promise an end to the tyrant's rule.

Four years after the end of the Gulf war we now have that falling out among the Tikritis (virtually the whole ruling clan of the Saddam regime hails from the town of Tikrit) that the Bush administration must have hoped for when it brought to a premature end its military campaign in the Gulf. Two great, ferocious revolts had broken out in 1991—a Kurdish rebellion in the north, a Shia uprising in the South—but these were put down in a welter of blood. What slender hope remained rested with the Tikritis themselves. The isolation and poverty of the country, it was thought, could trigger a palace revolt led by men with access to the dictator and his bunker. It did not—not until now anyway. Four years later, with the defection of Saddam's sons-in-law, who happen also to be brothers, the cracks among the Tikritis are finally clear to see.

They are quite a pair, the two brothers now in Amman. The older of the two, General Hussein Kamel, is nicknamed "Mr. Chemical" for his role in the acquisition and development of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction and in the use of nerve gas in the hills of Kurdistan. The younger brother, Colonel Saddam Kamel, began his checkered career, fittingly enough, in Iraqi cinema by playing the lead role of Saddam Hussein in a film dedicated to the exploits of the maximum leader. He then became the head of the leader's security detail, before he lost his turf to Saddam's younger son. The defectors no doubt bring with them an intimate knowledge of the dictator's world, of the chemical and biological weapons that the Iraqi regime seems to have concealed from United Nations inspectors. Indeed, no sooner had the defectors turned up in Amman than the Iraqi regime itself owned up to having outwitted the inspectors of the U.N. and of the International Atomic Energy Agency. In a pre-emptive move, the Iraqis, who were about to receive a clean bill of health from the U.N. monitors, invited them to return to Baghdad. Critical new information, the Iraqis said, would be turned over to the monitoring teams. So much for the assurances offered us by the French and the Russians and by Boutros Boutros-Ghali that Iraq had changed its ways and that it was time to lift the sanctions on its oil trade.

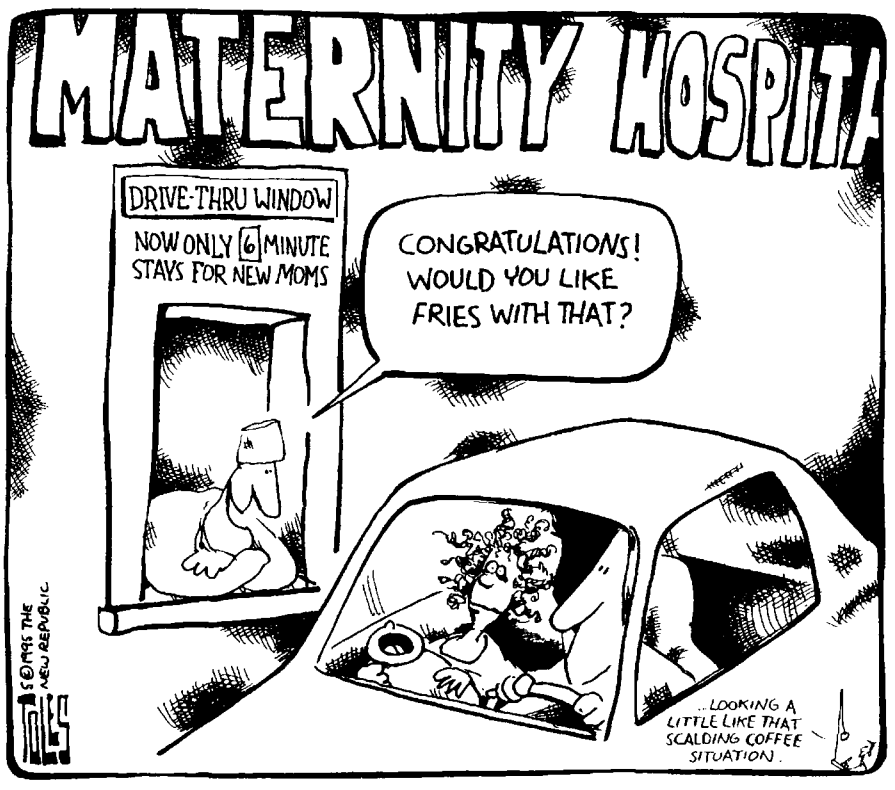
We have no way of penetrating the closed world of Iraq. It is naïve of the U.N. to pretend that it can. Knavery and greed and mischief drive the effort to rehabilitate Iraq and lift the sanctions. Yet the case for sanctions remains as compelling as it was when they were put in place. They are the only alternative to a military mission to unseat Saddam. We refrained from doing so back in 1991, when we had our chance, when the road to Baghdad lay open before us. We were left then with sanctions—and with faith in the Tikritis.

A shrewd player and a quintessential survivor, King Hussein of Jordan has now thrown caution to the wind by hosting the Iraqi defectors. The king has been careful to say that Jordan will not be a base for a rebellion against the Iraqi regime and that he granted asylum to the defectors because Saddam's daughters beseeched him in public to do so. But Jordan has taken a crucial step: the country has openly embraced Saddam's betrayers in the hope of putting behind it once and for all the burden of its Gulf war association with Iraq. The Jordanian ruler must have concluded that the Night of the Long Knives has already begun in Baghdad and that the fall of Saddam is at hand. Such hopes have been entertained before, but the dictator has shown cunning beyond the imagination of his enemies. And if a freer Iraq is to come about, the brothers Kamel are hardly the answer: they were, after all, the regime's highest henchmen. We would do better to retain our guard. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: A Congressional Research Service report on reducing federal spending has suggested cutting the number of United States representatives from 435 to 295.... While on vacation in Wyoming, President Clinton enjoyed an afternoon of whitewater rafting.... His vacation reading included *The New Illustrated Guide to the American Economy*.... Jackson Hole Golf and Tennis Club pro Al Weinhold suggested that the president should work on improving his "follow through." ... Mark Schubert of St. Joseph, Missouri, was arrested at his wedding reception for neglecting to pay child support.... *The Washington Times* reported that *Newt! A Paper Doll Book* will feature twenty-eight outfits including clothing for a duck hunt accessorized by an "I Love the NRA" patch.... New York Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato signed a copy of his new book for Howard Stern, writing, "To Howard, my great and dear friend, thank you for being who you are."


MATERNITY HOSPITAL
DRIVE-THRU WINDOW
NOW ONLY 6 MINUTE STAYS FOR NEW MOMS
CONGRATULATIONS! WOULD YOU LIKE FRIES WITH THAT?
...LOOKING A LITTLE LIKE THAT SCALDING COFFEE SITUATION...
©1995 THE NEW REPUBLIC
TOLES

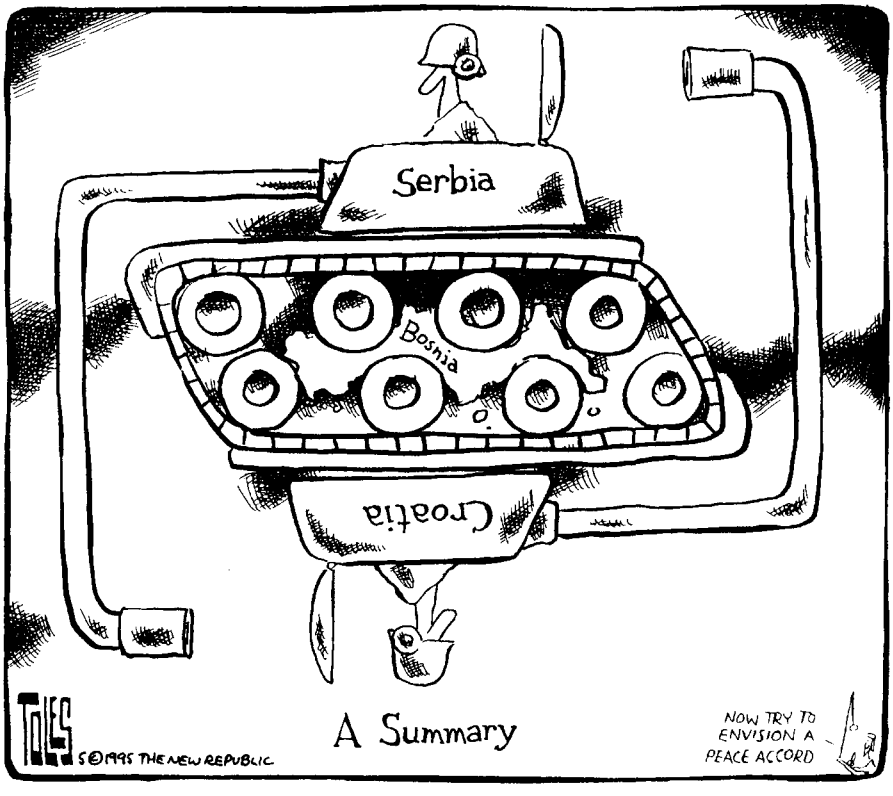
AMONG THE MARTYRS: Yasir Arafat scurried before the waiting television cameras. He had come to utter the script of censure the Israelis had pressed upon him as a bona fide of peaceful intentions whenever a Hamas terrorist answered what he thought was his religious calling by murdering some Jews. (This time the casualty harvest from the two bombed buses was five dead, including one American, and more than 100 wounded, mostly students on their way to the Hebrew University campus.) "I condemn the attack completely," intoned Arafat reflexively. And, then, without a scintilla of evidence, the chairman laid the blame for the Jerusalem atrocity on Teheran. He has good reason for casting responsibility for the bloodshed as far away from his own immediate turf as possible: for, while the anti-Arafat Hamas group claimed credit for this particular deed, Arafat himself has been competing with these fanatics in the vernacular of murderous martyrdom. Here is one among many recent instances: in a June 18 address to the Islamic Women's Association in Gaza, Arafat extolled the memory of two female terrorists. One of these two, "Dalal Magribi, the star from among our heroes," Arafat enthused, "was the commander of the squad that pioneered the first Palestinian republic on that bus." Which bus exactly did the chairman have in mind? A bus, much like the buses in Jerusalem a few days ago, traveling the coastal road in 1978 with innocent passengers, until Arafat's terrorists got to it. The murderers, of course, are now martyrs: "They all have paradise." Israel has now arrested five men in a Nablus bomb factory, which apparently provided the men and material for both this last incident and the Ramat Gan bombing in which six people were killed last month. Who knows whether Arafat's promise of eternal reward actually inspired these suicide bombers? In any case, voicing inflammatory visions is utterly inconsistent with Arafat's obligations according to the Oslo agreement. So how have the Israelis responded to his incendiary speeches? The ambassador in Washington commented lamely that they are "unnecessary" and "do not contribute to the peace process." No kidding. More imaginative and even more preposterous, Shimon Peres told the Knesset that videotapes of Arafat's holy war statements could well be forgeries. But Arafat has not denied them, and they are not forgeries. That they may be, however, is the least of the foreign minister's delusions.

THE FUDGES OF MADISON COUNTY: One of the more absurd rituals of the presidential campaign is the straw poll. Held during the news lull of August, it is conducted with all the fairness of a Serbian election. (Where's the Voting Rights Act when you need it?) This year's big one was the GOP's Iowa poll in which anyone, Iowan or not, could buy a vote for $25. All this might be merely amusing if it didn't have real consequences. Dole's "disappointing" performance and Gramm's "sur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prise" finish—the two tied for first place—will probably push the Senate majority leader to the right this fall, making him more obstructionist and making sensible compromise on the budget and on welfare reform less likely. Thank you, Ames.

ALIEN NATION: We've tried this before. First Californians finger illegal immigrants as the root of all evil and pass a referendum to root them out where they hide: in schools and in hospitals. Every state court that reviews the bill declares it illegal, but this doesn't stop our fearless, renegade Republican members of Congress from proposing an almost identical bill. The difference is Californians can do what they like, but it's quite another thing for the federal government to impose this depravity on states and cities and force teachers and nurses to moonlight for the INS. Which is why Mayor Rudolph Giuliani has, once again, stood up for principle. A ruthless budget slasher and crime fighter, even he knows when things have gone too far: "It's just out of a sense of decency," he told *The New York Times*. "I can't imagine, even in parts of the country where the views are harsher than they might be in New York, that they're basically going to say, 'let people die.' " If he comes to Washington, alas, he won't even have to imagine.



CLASS WAR NEWS:

Low Wages Said Key to Poverty

—*Newsday*, July 11.

Affluent top list of political donors

—*Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel*, July 9.

(Thanks to Richard Gambrell of East Setauket, New York, and Albert Goldberg of Mequon, Wisconsin.)

OUT OF AFRICA: Racist haters of homosexuals are well documented among the white American right. So it's useful when someone proves that both bigotries can crop up anywhere in the world. Robert Mugabe, the president of Zimbabwe, exemplifies both tendencies. He once described homosexuality as "a white problem." Now he's gone further. Responding to the presence of gay and lesbian literature at a human rights book fair in Harare, Zimbabwe's capital, Mugabe declared that Zimbabwe's homosexuals should be arrested and ranked lower than dogs or pigs. "I don't believe they have any rights at all," he continued. "I hope the time never comes when we want to reverse nature and men bear children." Mugabe banned gay-themed books from being sold at the conference and was "extremely outraged" at the thought that such tendencies might be discussed in books directed toward children. No word yet on whether he's been invited to speak at the upcoming religious-right conference in Washington, D.C.

COMBINATION THERAPY:

Early AZT Use May Delay Onset of AIDS Symptoms

—*The Washington Post*, August 17.

Early Use of AIDS Drug Is Termed Ineffective

—*The New York Times*, same day.

Earlier AZT use shows promise

—*USA Today*, same day.

(With thanks to many readers.)

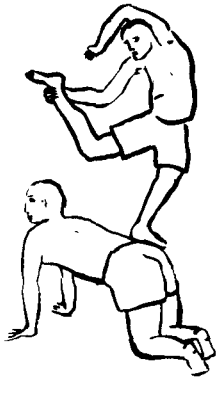
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AWESTRUCK

The info-barons once thought the information highway was the key to media success. Now, Michael Eisner has other ideas.

BY KEN FELLATA

MY car phone rang. It was August 10, and I was on my way to Kennedy Airport to fly to Paris to go bungee jumping off the Eiffel Tower with Walt Disney Chairman Michael Eisner. He had told me earlier by phone that he had taken up bungee jumping after Disney's stunning takeover of Cap Cities/ABC in order to put to rest any lingering doubts about his masculinity. A proud but intensely private man, who recently battled back from quintuple-bypass heart surgery, he promised to tell me in Paris the real story of his celebrated feud with Barry Diller. Word on the street was that the two titans had nearly come to blows at the Allen & Co. mogul retreat in Aspen in July when their visions of the information age collided over Evian water next to the resort's vast, Olympic-sized CEO sumo wrestling ring. In the phone call I got when I was halfway to Kennedy, Eisner canceled the jumping trip. A deal was in the works. "Jiffy Lube," he told me. "That's all I can say right now."



I switched back to Viacom Chairman Sumner Redstone, who had been holding on the other line. The billionaire Redstone, a proud but intensely humble man who parlayed a small collection of newspaper kiosks into the country's biggest privately owned multiplex theater chain, didn't like to be kept waiting. "Was that Eisner you were talking to?" he asked me. The two shared a long-standing animosity ever since Redstone's deputy, Frank Biondi, jostled former Eisner protégé Jeffrey Katzenberg at a Texas-style barbecue at David Geffen's estate in the Hamptons in honor of Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s stunning multi-billion dollar acquisition of MCA. "There was no way around it," an admirer of both men told me. "Jeffrey and Frank may be humble, but they are intensely proud men." I recounted to Redstone the substance of my conversation with Eisner. Redstone felt sick. He had been working in secret for months on a multi-billion dollar deal to merge his entertainment colossus with Midas Muffler. But Redstone knew that Jiffy Lube was twice the prize Midas ever was, featuring a $19.95 tune-up and oil change that had transformed the industry. Eisner was moving to steal his thunder once again.

I pulled over to the side of the Grand Central Parkway, stunned by what I had learned. The Eisner bombshell, I realized, meant that the media industry's merger mania had reached a new level—an all-out fight over the crown jewels of the auto parts and service industry. Swayed by pride and a stew of other emotions, the new masters of the media universe have decided that powerful hidden synergy lies in the intersection of the so-called information superhighway and the highway highway. But this tale is as much about personalities as business. Eisner and Redstone are both intensely spiritual men. Eisner sculpts. Redstone performs interpretative dance in an avant-garde dance troupe on Manhattan's exclusive Upper East Side. Yet they also burn with a fierce competitive fire. Eisner frequently spars with reclusive super-investor Warren Buffett. Redstone, at 71, continues to pole vault even after shattering six vertebrae telemarking in Gstaad five years ago. As was true when Viacom terminated Richard Snyder as chairman of Simon and Schuster last year, primal forces are at work that cannot be controlled by the mind. "Ambition is a force of nature," an admirer of both men told me. "It's like *Richard III* meets *The Lion King*."

Over the last three years, I attended board meetings, budget summits and strategy sessions with Eisner, came and went at will at the various companies he controls and slept on a small cot at the foot of his bed. In retrospect, one moment stands out. It was a Friday morning late last February. Eisner was sitting cross-legged on a tatami mat in the middle of his glass-enclosed minimalist office, a room jointly designed by I.M. Pei and Time Warner Chairman Gerald Levin, who satisfies his restless creativity and vast energy by running a small CEO-oriented interior design firm on the side. Eisner was fondling a fan belt.

"This is the shape of the future," he said to me. When I recounted this episode to an unassailable Disney source, he told me that the company's palatial corporate headquarters were littered with spark plugs and that Eisner had been spotted on more than one occasion at the NAPA auto parts outlet at the Glendale Mall. "Mike realized that having a source of product, Disney, and a distribution outlet, ABC, was not enough," he confided to me. "Unless you could control engine knocks and rough idling you had nothing."

THERE was also a personal element involved. 1994 was a brutal year for Eisner. First came the heart operation. Then his wife and three small children were abducted by Libyan terrorists, an incident he refuses to talk about even to this day but one that several industry sources confessed to me left him hurt and confused. Finally he endured stinging criticism from the Hollywood community after he passed up an opportunity to buy all four major networks simultaneously and settled for Cap Cities/ABC. Eisner didn't just want to do a deal. He wanted vindication—and, understandably, he wanted to be known as a winner again.

The break came at the Robert Maxwell estate sale last June in Monaco when Bronfman overheard Biondi tell-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing TCI Chairman John Malone about Redstone's intentions with Midas Muffler. Bronfman told me, and Eisner confirms this, that he then told Eisner, who immediately grasped not only Redstone's insight—that the future of the info-superhighway was, in fact, the highway highway—but characteristically took it to the next level. The ultimate synergy, he realized, was owning everything.

"After that," one unassailable source told me, "Jiffy Lube was a no-brainer."

Exhilarated, he rushed to his northern California ranch, felling several 2,000-year-old giant redwoods with an ax. He called former Hollywood superagent Mike Ovitz, now Disney president, who was still under anesthesia after a daring operation in which all his vital organs were transplanted simultaneously. Ovitz, typically, answered the call anyway.

Ovitz assured Eisner that the plan made sense strategically. But then, characteristically, he added his own brilliant insight. "Why don't we do lunch at Spago? You, me and Redstone. There could be hidden synergies in it." Already that morning, Ovitz had brokered a cross-licensing deal between his private nurse and Matsushita, the giant Japanese conglomerate, and negotiated a leveraged buyout of Cedars-Sinai by the hospital's orderlies. But he found time for Eisner, immediately speed-dialing Biondi.

"Ovitz asked me to take a message for Redstone," Biondi told me, a story confirmed later in a car-fax from Geffen. By 1:00 that afternoon, the three were at Spago. Redstone arrived late, parachuting into the restaurant's vast valet parking lot after his jet ran into unexpected engine trouble.

Redstone shrugged out of his parachute harness. "Steak—raw," he told our waitress. I glanced at Eisner. He was unperturbed. "Bread and water," he said. My cellular phone rang. Which legendary info-baron was it, I asked myself. Swashbuckling Turner Broadcasting Chairman Ted Turner? Ex-CBS titan Larry Tisch? Ron Perelman, the gentle visionary who turned Revlon from a minor player into a cosmetics juggernaut? Steve Ross, the legendary deal-maker behind Time Warner? No, he was dead. It was Robert Wright, the legendary visionary behind NBC.

We had planned to go big game hunting in Bhutan the next day. But he was calling to cancel. "Meineke," he told me. "That's all I can say right now." I switched back to Diller, who was on . . .

(continued on page 94).

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

DEEP THOUGHTS

By Matthew Cooper

The praise grows more lavish every day. After Bill Bradley left the Senate, George Will hailed his "balanced, yet mature view of life." Robert Novak saluted him as "thoughtful." And *The Wall Street Journal*'s columnist Al Hunt went all out, dubbing Bradley "the most admirable senator of this era."

They're not crazy. Bradley *is* an accomplished senator. It's been noted often, but Bradley still deserves applause for the Tax Reform Act of 1986. Ironically, many of those now praising Bradley—whether it's Democrats who want to riddle the tax code with Robert Reich-style deductions for education and training or Republicans who want to tax capital gains differently than other kinds of earnings—don't appreciate the beauty of this ten-year-old wonder. During the Bush administration, Bradley presciently warned the president not to cozy up to Gorbachev; and when Ronald Reagan took office, Bradley was one of just three Democratic senators who had the foresight to vote for the 1981 budget cuts but against his deficit-exploding tax cuts.

But does Bradley's career make him the most admirable senator of this era? If anything, the paeans to Bradley show how Washington swoons over politicians who flaunt their "thoughtfulness" and "ideas." Jack Kemp was once celebrated this way; so was Gary Hart. But Bradley's self-important manner—he managed to quote Robert Frost and Bertolt Brecht in his departure announcements—takes this persona to a whole new level. Consider his oft-repeated line that Republicans believe "government is the source of all evil" while Democrats "distrust the market and prefer the bureaucrat they know to the consumer they can't control." This is hyperbole, not insight. The members of the GOP aren't libertarians who want to abolish the EPA or the SEC. And what Democratic Party Stalinists is he talking about? Richard Gephardt? Chris Dodd?

Consider race, the issue on which Bradley has redundantly called for "candid truth." As an ex-athlete, Bradley, it is often said, lived in an integrated world that helps him understand these issues better than those without a jump shot. Take a look at what he's actually said about race, though, and you won't find anything all that innovative. On affirmative action, he's an unashamed booster. That's a respectable position, but it's not original, let alone brave. Bradley has condemned urban violence and called for measures such as "a program of cognitive stimulation" for infants and "draconian punishment for drug kingpins." (Presumably this includes regular pins, too.) This tough-love talk might have been shocking twenty-five years ago, but today it's hard to find a Democrat—Joe Biden and John Kerry, to name two—who isn't for a combo platter of anti-crime measures and social programs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The other Bradley interest is "civil society," the nexus of voluntary associations like the PTA and the Boy Scouts that provides a buffer between the individual and the marketplace. In Bradley's mind, civil society is in a disturbing "decline." THE NEW REPUBLIC, among many others, has fretted about this. (See "The Other Bill," by Jim Sleeper, March 20.) But the proposition seems dubious. Look at that deteriorating voluntary association called religion. Surveys consistently show Americans to be one of the most, if not the most, religious, church-attending peoples in the West. Sure, there's alienation. But this is not "the erosion of love, trust, and mutual obligation" that Bradley so fears.

But, even if you buy Bradley's pitch that civil society is in trouble, what can be done? At best, Bradley offers worthy but familiar ideas like going after deadbeat dads; at worst, he peddles gauzy notions like the one he described to *Newsweek*: calling on Americans to "challenge people to sit down with their neighbors and talk about what it would take for them to again believe that the political process can provide answers." If President Clinton had proposed such a national Renaissance Weekend, it would have been dismissed as fluff and rightly so. Coming from Bradley it passes for a deep thought. If any government program can boost civil society, it's Clinton's national service program, which is a relatively non-bureaucratic way of funding private volunteer groups. It's a civil-society idea that Bradley should love. But at a private *Newsweek* editorial lunch this year, Bradley wrongly dismissed it as old-style government.

In fact, it's hard to see why Bradley is considering running against Clinton at all. On every major issue—NAFTA, Clinton's budgets, the crime bill—Bradley has sided with the president. True, there have been distinctions in areas like trade. In 1993, before Clinton flew off to the G-7 summit in Tokyo, Bradley attended an Oval Office meeting in which Clinton and his advisers discussed the trip, including how the president could attack Japanese protectionism with visual props like a visit to an overpriced Japanese supermarket. Bradley, who has criticized Clinton's Japanese trade policy for being too strident, was said to fume at the very thought. But in the end, Clinton never went in for the gimmick.

At the press conference announcing his retirement, Bradley talked about his forthcoming book, proclaiming it "a journey into America and a journey into myself." The tome, scratched out on a yellow legal pad, will compete with books from Newt Gingrich, Ross Perot and—the mother of all Barnes & Noble signings—Colin Powell's memoirs. It used to be that candidates penned a book in order to promote their candidacies. (Think of campaign accoutrements such as 1988's *The Doles: Unlimited Partners.*) Now, a presidential campaign, or the hint thereof, is used to promote a book. The book agent as campaign manager; Mort Janklow as James Carville.

Maybe this cynical view is part of the "profound, human disconnectedness" that Bradley is worried about. But Bradley's coyness over the last few months is enough to make anyone jaded. He drops presidential hints with all the subtlety of Roseanne—Did he really have to call Colin Powell and Ross Perot?—and then he feigns disdain when the press asks him about his ambitions for 1996. Perhaps there's something in the Hudson, because this sounds an awful lot like Cuomoism. The New York governor thought about his options until the public no longer thought much of him. Now the New Jersey senator muses deeply.

The perversion of Washington is that it loves its coy non-candidates more than its candidates. For years, Democrats prayed that Bradley or Cuomo would save them. This year Republicans want to be rescued. But shouldn't the ambition of a Bill Clinton or a Phil Gramm, naked as it is, be viewed as a good thing and ambivalence about running be seen as a bad thing? Bradley, though, is still thinking. He vows to go out in the country and, as he told Charlie Rose, "listen to more stories" before deciding. Spare us. This latest episode should be a reminder that we're better off being led by the Sammy Glicks we know rather than the White Knights of our dreams. •

A Tudjman fantasy.

MAPPED OUT

By Slavenka Drakulić

On August 7, The Times *of London published a map showing a division of Bosnia between Croatia and Serbia that Croatian President Franjo Tudjman had drawn on the back of a menu during a banquet held in London to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War. I can easily imagine how it happened.*

Relaxed, and happy that he has been invited to such an important event—he was a bit afraid of not being invited because it is known that his government has rehabilitated the fascist Pavelic regime that ruled during the war—President Tudjman chats with the world's politicians. It has been a long road from retired general and revisionist historian to leader of the biggest opposition party and finally to election as the first president of the new Croatian republic. He achieved almost all of this while fighting a war against Serbian aggressors that crippled his country. To tell the truth, there was also another war, against Muslims in Bosnia, although this second one he would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like to forget. In fact, he did forget it, but the world would not.

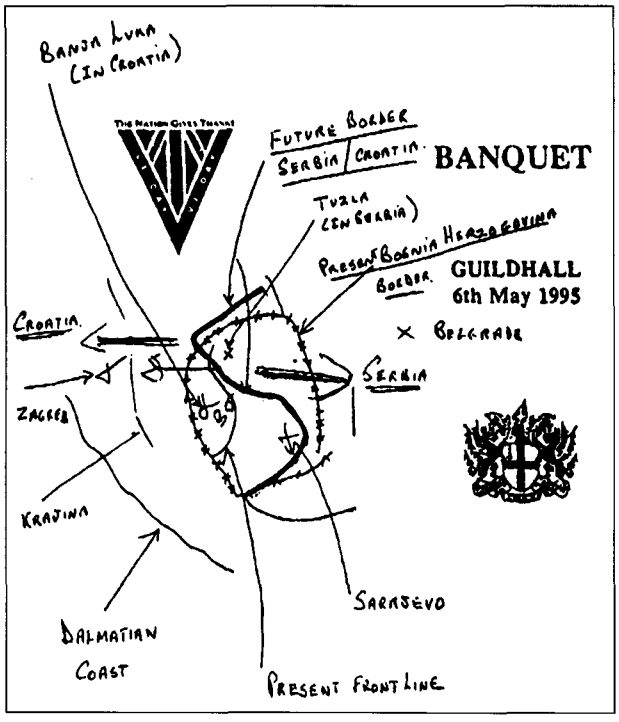
Ah, the world, thinks Tudjman, it remembers what it wants and forgets what it wants. If there is anything Tudjman has learned in the last years, it is that one should not pay too much attention to the world. Paradoxically, Tudjman learned this lesson from his enemy Slobodan Milosevic.

Then Paddy Ashdown, the leader of Britain's Liberal Democrats, comes over to him. Tudjman would have preferred to be approached by Prime Minister John Major, but it is not so important who approaches him. It is only important that he is important. Therefore, when Ashdown asks him, in a mock innocent voice, to explain what will happen in Bosnia (because what else could Ashdown, or anyone else, ask), Tudjman does not hesitate to reveal his plans. He is always eager to explain things to people because he is convinced that he knows best. Tudjman grabs a menu from the table and, taking out his gold fountain pen, a gift from some rich Croat living in Chicago (or in Munich or in Toronto), he begins drawing a map.

As he bends over the table, Tudjman wears a concentrated, serious expression on his face, like a general before a decisive fight. This is his habit from the early days when he was the youngest general in Tito's Yugoslav Army and, therefore, had to impress people with his stern face, if not with his age and his experience. He was a kind of communist commissar, in charge of propaganda. Knowing that much about Tudjman, Ashdown must wonder how it is possible for an ardent communist to transform himself into a nationalist zealot. But, while he watches Tudjman drawing, Ashdown observes his stiff posture. It might occur to Ashdown that the rigidity of Tudjman's body and of his mind, poisoned with ideology from an early age, holds the answer to the riddle of his transformation: there was no transformation at all. The ideas have changed from Marxism to nationalism, but his love of ideology has remained. This makes him a lousy historian, since he cares less about facts than about propagating certain ideas. On the other hand, it makes him a leader—but a dangerous, dictatorial type of leader. He never doubts the prevailing orthodoxy, and he never doubts himself.

Tudjman now has his map finished and in a matter-of-fact voice explains that he has tacit approval from Milosevic to take over Krajina and incorporate parts of Bosnia. Ashdown is astonished that Tudjman is not even trying to hide or lie about his feelings toward Milosevic or Izetbegovic. With open contempt, he calls Izetbegovic a Muslim fundamentalist. Milosevic, on the other hand, is "one of us." Clearly, Tudjman is not a politician. A politician would never commit such a faux pas. But Ashdown does not understand Tudjman's vanity. What is a man supposed to think of himself if, for example, the president of the Croatian Parliament calls him the first true Croat leader in 900 years? No wonder Tudjman has acquired a messiah complex: he has been chosen by Providence to lead his nation out of communist-Serbian slavery. Every night before he goes to sleep he probably sees himself as a national monument in Zagreb's main square.

Everyone has noticed his love for gold chains, crosses and medals. He clearly feels good in that white martial uniform with nine decorations—all of which he more or less awarded himself—pinned on his chest. This pathetic parading makes him look like a caricature of some South American dictator. His inclination for operetta and kitsch reveals not only the bad taste of a typical representative of the provinces but also the cruel cynicism of a tinpot despot. Refugees, poverty, war, bloodshed—nothing prevents Tudjman from exhibiting his uniforms, his decorations, his power and his endless ambitions. There are rumors in Croatia that he will proclaim himself Ban—a kind of duke. Who will stop him?



MAP DRAWN BY CROATIAN PRESIDENT FRANJO TUDJMAN

Courtesy of *Politiken*

Perhaps the saddest thing to see is Tudjman's enormous greed for life. A latecomer to power, he is so hungry for everything that power brings—glory, money, obedience, importance—that he can't stop stuffing himself. Aware that he has about ten years at most to taste it, he has no patience for waiting. He just grabs what he can.

Poor country, thinks Ashdown as Tudjman gives him a twisted grimace evidently indicating a smile. Eager to show that he understands everything, Ashdown takes the menu in his hands, pretends to study it and then puts it in his pocket.

Three months later, he takes it out to realize to his utter astonishment that what Tudjman told him was true.

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ, a Croatian writer, is author of the novel *Marble Skin*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another GOP budget scam.

THE ABOLITIONISTS

By Matthew Miller

Among the panaceas offered for our budget woes, the latest is the move to scrap whole departments of the Cabinet. The Republicans have been pointing to these proposals as proof that they're willing, in House Budget Committee chief John Kasich's mantra, "to pull some things up by the roots." And the news media have played these easy-to-grasp proposals to the hilt. "Consider two measures of how many decades of precedent the Republicans intend to reverse," fawned *Time* in a typical story in May. "The Senate GOP wants to zero out the Department of Commerce; Kasich's House troops would also wipe out the Departments of Education and Energy."

"Zero out" and "wipe out" sound serious. They're also untrue. The Commerce, Energy and Education Departments together will spend more than $53 billion in 1995; the annual savings the GOP expects from scrapping these departments is only $10 billion. How do you zero out agencies and still spend 80 percent of what you were spending before? Simple: you don't really eliminate them. You simply move their pieces around and hope no one will notice, like a kid with the peas on his plate. Understand this, and you'll see why the craze to dismantle agencies is more about media manipulation than policy progress.

Consider Commerce, the one agency both the House and Senate have agreed is a must-kill. The department has always been a grab bag. Created in 1913, its mission, according to the U.S. Government Manual, is "to encourage, serve and promote the nation's international trade, economic growth and technological advancement." Its 36,000 employees in ten major agencies administer programs ranging from patents and trademarks to export controls to technical assistance for minority businesses. Statistical agencies such as the Census and the Bureau of Economic Analysis are found here. So is the National Telecommunications and Information Administration, which manages the government's radio spectrum and, under Clinton, funds demonstration projects for schools and hospitals trying to hook up to the information highway. Yet just under half of Commerce's annual $4 billion budget goes to its National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), whose weather service forms the backbone of all meteorological forecasting across the country. NOAA also maps the ocean, monitors the atmosphere and generally acts as an environmental research outfit.

Apart from the confusing and imprecise "Commerce" label, a lot of these projects sound like stuff government should be doing. The GOP apparently agrees. Under a "dismantling" plan developed by Michigan Representative Dick Chrysler, NOAA gets broken up and parceled out to the Interior and Agriculture Departments. The Bureau of Export Administration goes to State. Census is moved to Treasury, the Bureau of Economic Analysis to the Federal Reserve, federal spectrum management to the FCC. And so on. So much for zeroing out.

This isn't to say the Republicans don't have some ideas. The plan to abolish the Economic Development Administration (EDA) is laudable. On the Congressional Budget Office's hit list for years, EDA's yearly $407 million goes mostly for public works grants to state and local governments, often to help develop distressed areas. EDA's reputation for ineffectiveness is so extreme that one governor begged last year that disaster and flood relief money be administered through any agency *but* EDA. That shouldn't be any surprise, since half of EDA's staff sits comfortably at headquarters rather than in the field; the top-heavy bureaucracy sports one supervisor for every supervised employee. Commerce Secretary Ron Brown says EDA should live because it's the only agency specifically targeting communities that are suffering military base closings; but, with just over a quarter of EDA's money earmarked for such purposes, that's a pretty weak justification for the whole agency's survival. Privately, Democrats know EDA's best defense: it's one of the few pots of "political" money available to dole out for economic development (i.e., vote-buying) in a pinch.

There are other expendable Commerce operations, too. Take the U.S. and Foreign Commercial Service, which is supposed to help small U.S. companies break into foreign markets. Brown, in an absurd overstatement that typifies the rhetoric of Commerce's defenders, asserts the agency is "crucial to export advocacy for small- and medium-sized businesses." If that's true, we may as well hand the keys to the Japanese and Germans right now. The service has 134 offices abroad in sixty-nine countries; nice work if you can get it. In Berlin, in 1992, I was part of a group that met with several of their crack export consultants. After they explained their mission, we asked to hear an example of an export "success story" they'd helped foster. Petrified stares. We asked again. Conspiratorial glances. Their job, they explained at length, was to fax general information to businesses back home who request it; they couldn't be expected to follow up—at least not with their current level of funding (the classic bureaucratic refrain). I'd hate to think what might happen to our trade deficit without these guys. Luckily, the GOP plan only moves them to the trade representative's office.

What's especially silly about the hyperbolic defense of Commerce is that some White House advisers wanted to throw the department to the wolves themselves as part of the post-election scramble to show that the president "got it." But then, as now, the aim was not to achieve savings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but to win good press. "Don't underestimate the power of blowing up small things," said one senior White House political adviser. "Yes, it's nice to have trophies," admits Representative Todd Tiahrt of Kansas, who led the House task force to "abolish" the Energy Department. "And easy to use them as twenty-second soundbites. That's the nature of the game."

If such bipartisan strategies were merely deceptive they still might seem like victimless crimes. But box-shuffling in fact wastes precious political capital on congressional and bureaucratic turf wars. Real reforms are often the casualty. President Carter learned this lesson after his vaunted federal reorganization effort produced little of substance. Al Gore got the point and wisely steered his National Performance Review clear of such swamps. Today Dick Chrysler calls such lessons "a bunch of political doublespeak and nonsense." We'll see if he's chastened a year from now.

Or sooner, when Chrysler's fellow Republicans get through trashing his grand designs. GOP appropriators recently voted to fund Commerce at levels that, while below President Clinton's request, still leave the department 7 percent *bigger* than it was under President Bush. "I think we're heading in the right direction," Chrysler told me nonetheless, sticking to script, though he seemed surprised by the comparison.

It's the same story elsewhere. The Department of Education was created as an act of political symbolism; it can be excised the same way. Yet Republicans plan to save only a fraction of its cost, less by cutting bureaucrats than by cutting assistance to poor kids. At Energy they'll take the nuclear weapons complex, which accounts for half the department budget and obviously can't be thrown away, and send it to a new agency within the Pentagon. Not much there.

Scrapping Commerce, Energy and Education GOP-style shaves less than 1 percent off federal spending and 5 percent off the deficit. "If you're looking at pure dollars, you'll say this little snapshot isn't going to save the world, and you're right," says Tiahrt; means-testing entitlements, he adds, need to be on the table. Republicans should be lauded for bringing fresh scrutiny to government activity across-the-board. But our kids won't care if we "eliminate" these departments or not. If we screw up on the big stuff, watch out.

MATTHEW MILLER, a former Clinton budget official, writes on politics and economics.

Tempest in a C-cup.

ARE BREAST IMPLANTS ACTUALLY OK?

By Marcia Angell

In 1992, when FDA Commissioner David Kessler decided to ban silicone gel-filled breast implants, he generated more alarm than controversy. According to Kessler, the manufacturers had not fulfilled their responsibility to demonstrate the safety of the implants, and so he had no choice but to take them off the market. His decision brought to a close a thirty-year period during which breast implants had been easily available, at least for those who could afford them. It also spread apprehension among the 1 percent of American women who already had the implants—most to enlarge their breasts, although a minority had implants for reconstruction after mastectomy for breast cancer. Polls indicated that the great majority of women with breast implants were pleased with the results. Nevertheless, many people were jubilant about the FDA ban—including advocates of tough government regulation, women who believed breast implants had made them ill and feminists who thought it was about time someone put a stop to the pressure to conform to male fantasies.

As executive editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine* and as a woman, I was aware that breast implants were controversial on many counts, but I had not given the matter much thought until Dr. Kessler submitted an article to the *Journal* explaining his reasons for banning the devices. The article was important, and we were happy to publish it. Still, I was troubled by the likely consequences of Kessler's action, as well as by some of his arguments. He seemed disdainful of women who wanted breast implants for purely cosmetic reasons, and his decision struck me as patronizing. More importantly, it seemed likely that the million or so women who had the implants would take the FDA ban as proof that implants were extremely dangerous.

MARCIA ANGELL, a physician and executive editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is author of *Class Action: Medical Fact, Law, and the Breast Implant Controversy*, to be published by Norton in early 1996.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And that is exactly what happened. Despite Kessler's weak assurances that removal of the implants was unnecessary, and although no scientific studies had demonstrated their danger, women rushed to have them taken out, sometimes by the same plastic surgeons who had put them in. One woman who could not afford the fee attempted to remove her own implants with razor blades. (She survived the ordeal and was pictured in newspapers looking greatly relieved after a surgeon finished the job.) Inevitably, perhaps, given the American fervor for suing one another, and the money to be made in splashy product liability suits, the small trickle of high-stakes court cases involving breast implants that began in the early '80s soon swelled to a torrent. Sympathetic juries awarded huge damages to women with a variety of complaints that they and their lawyers attributed to breast implants.

In the two years following the FDA ban, more than 1,000 lawyers rushed to file more than 16,000 lawsuits on behalf of women with breast implants. A small display ad in the July 26, 1994, *Washington Post* exemplified the opportunistic spirit of the moment: "The law firm of Chandler, Franklin, and O'Brien is pleased to announce the opening of our new Fairfax office devoted exclusively to representing women in breast implant litigation," followed by the toll-free number, 1-800-488-4LAW. Another firm, Kresch & Kresch, could be reached at 1-800-LAW-HELP; while a Florida attorney adopted the number 1-800-RUPTURE. Even as all but two of the manufacturers got out of the implant business, the number of lawyers who belong to Public Citizen's breast implant clearinghouse increased from four in 1990 to 179 in 1992; the Breast Implant Committee of the American Trial Lawyers Association grew from twenty to 160 in just the six months leading up to the ban.

Facing one product liability case after another, the breast implant manufacturers, while maintaining that the implants were safe, eventually agreed to the largest class-action settlement in the annals of American law. In April 1994 the major manufacturers settled for $4.25 billion, a billion of which was explicitly set aside for the lawyers involved. Although nearly any woman with implants would be entitled to something under the terms of the settlement, women were permitted to opt out if they thought they could do better on their own. As of June 1, 1995, some 440,000 women (about a quarter of all women with breast implants in this country) had registered to participate in the class-action settlement but, with vigorous encouragement from plaintiffs' attorneys, about 15,000 (half of them foreigners, for whom the terms of the settlement are less generous) have opted to seek higher damages individually.

The trouble with all this is that at the time the FDA made its decision to ban breast implants there had been no systematic studies of the effects of breast implants. The suits thus proceeded in the absence of sound scientific findings. Furthermore, they helped to create an atmosphere of unnecessary wariness about medical implants in general, especially those, like the contraceptive Norplant, that make use of the dreaded silicone.

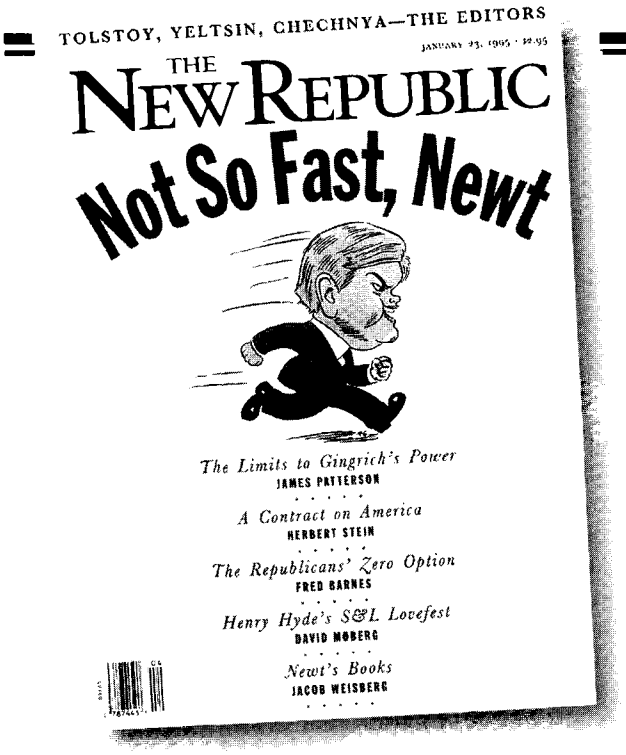
What *did* we know about the risks of breast implants? We knew, of course, that there could be complications from the surgery itself (as with any surgery), including infections and hemorrhage. We also knew that very small amounts of silicone fluid from the gel leaked through the outer envelope of the implant. (This leakage was not noticeable to the woman and tended to be contained within the capsule of scar tissue that inevitably forms around the implants.) We knew that, in many women, the capsule of scar tissue contracted excessively, distorting and hardening the breasts and often causing discomfort. And finally, we knew that in about 5 percent of women an implant ruptured, releasing silicone gel into the surrounding tissues and flattening the breast. But these local complications, unpleasant as they were, were not the basis for most of the alarm about breast implants, nor were they the focus of the multimillion-dollar lawsuits.

Instead, a growing number of Americans had come to believe that breast implants could cause devastating effects on the rest of the body. In particular, silicone gel-filled implants were said to be responsible for a constellation of disorders known as connective tissue diseases. These diseases—which include systemic lupus (SLE), rheumatoid arthritis and scleroderma—involve, or are thought to involve, a disturbance in the immune system that turns the body's protective defenses against itself. The result is an autoimmune disease—that is, a prolonged civil war within the body that can produce profound weakness and fatigue along with variable damage to the joints, skin and internal organs. One theory was that silicone, leaking slowly from the implants, provokes an immune reaction that then somehow turns into an autoimmune process—and it was this unproven theory that served as the basis for the largest lawsuits. But the question of whether silicone gel-filled breast implants cause connective tissue disease is not ultimately a matter of opinion or legal argument; it is a matter of biological fact. Either they cause connective tissue disease (alone or in conjunction with other factors), or they don't. And the only way to answer the question is through epidemiologic studies.

To be sure, there are many individual stories (some medically proven, others not) of connective tissue disease developing after the placement of breast implants, but these anecdotal reports alone do not constitute evidence that the implants caused the disease. They could well represent pure coincidence. Each year, for example, about 100 women with breast implants can be expected to come down with lupus or scleroderma, by chance alone. Since connective tissue disease can occur in women with or without implants, the only way to demonstrate that implants actually contribute to the disease is to show that the incidence is significantly higher in women with breast implants than in those without. Yet, it was not until June 16, 1994, two years after breast implants were taken off the market and two months after the class-action settlement was announced, that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get smart. Give The New Republic for the holidays.



You're pretty smart,

or you wouldn't get *The New Republic*. Not only in the sense of buying the magazine, but also "getting" the sharp analysis and insightful commentary we provide every week.

Now is the perfect time to let your smart friends and relatives in on a good thing, with holiday gift subscriptions to TNR. It's the perfect way to compliment their intelligence, and a smart way for you to avoid the holiday shopping madness.

You'll also save money, thanks to our low gift rates. You can save even more by adding or renewing a subscription for yourself at the same rate. And if you order two or more subscriptions, we'll give you a free copy of *The New Republic's Guide to the Candidates 1996*.

It couldn't be easier. We'll send a card to announce each gift, and the annual subscription (48 issues) will begin in January. Play it smart and order today!

Smart:

Give a subscription to *The New Republic* for just $69.97 for 48 weekly issues.

Smarter:

Give a second subscription for just $44.99 and get a free gift for yourself: *The New Republic's Guide to the Candidates 1996*.

Smartest:

Renew or begin your own subscription at the same low gift rate.

Your own subscription, in addition to one gift, also qualifies you for *The Guide to the Candidates 1996*.

$15 postage will be added for each Canadian subscription. Other foreign subscriptions require $30 and must be prepaid.

Use your American Express, MasterCard, Visa, or simply ask us to bill you later.

Call toll-free now:

1-800-827-1289.

Or send e-mail to our online gift center:

New_Republic@Enews.Com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first such study of the possible link between breast implants and connective tissue disease was published. And that study failed to find a link.

In the study, Mayo Clinic researchers compared a group of 749 women who had received breast implants between 1964 and 1991 with 1,498 of their neighbors, matched for age. The researchers found that the implant group was no more likely to develop connective tissue disease (or related symptoms and abnormal tests) than the group without implants. This was only one study, of course, and was not large enough to rule out some increase in risk. But it did cast doubt on the link between breast implants and connective tissue disease at a time when many people assumed the theory had been proven.

Meanwhile, at least four other well-designed epidemiologic studies were underway. The largest was a retrospective cohort study of about 450,000 American women in the health professions. Although they have not been published yet, interim results indicate no association between breast implants and connective tissue diseases, with the possible exception of rheumatoid arthritis. Another large retrospective cohort study, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in June 1995 also found no association between implants and connective tissue disease in nearly 90,000 nurses. All three of these studies investigated a whole range of nonspecific symptoms, in addition to well-defined connective tissue diseases, and so addressed the claim that disease caused by breast implants may not fulfill all the usual criteria for "classical" connective tissue disease.

The remaining two epidemiologic studies, published in 1994 and 1995, dealt just with scleroderma. Scleroderma, a disease characterized by extensive scarring of the skin and sometimes of internal organs, is the connective tissue disease most closely linked by anecdotal reports to silicone breast implants. Neither study could find an association. While all together these studies don't mean that there can be *no* link between connective tissue disease and breast implants, they do mean that any risk of connective tissue disease from implants is so small that it has been impossible to detect. So why were the courts so sure the facts were otherwise?

Partly because of the deployment of "expert" testimony. The kind of evidence an "expert" witness in the courtroom must adduce to claim that medical harm is caused by implants is of a different order from what scientists would normally have to offer in their work. Indeed, an expert witness isn't really expected to produce evidence so much as an educated guess. Often, an expert's field isn't even relevant to the case at hand. In many of the breast implant cases, for example, plaintiffs' attorneys have relied on pathologists or toxicologists to speculate about the mechanism by which breast implants might cause connective tissue disease, rather than calling on epidemiologists who would get to the question of whether there actually is an association. And, of course, expert witnesses are selected and paid by the contesting lawyers and their testimony worked out in advance.

The terms of the class settlement were remarkably generous and broad. All women with breast implants were entitled to compensation if they had, or within the next thirty years developed, any of ten connective tissue diseases or symptoms suggestive of such disease, provided the symptoms began or worsened after the implants were placed. Of the $4.25 billion, $1.2 billion was set aside for women claiming to have implant-related illnesses already—248,500 women of the 440,000 registered as of June 1. The amount of compensation was to be determined by the type of disorder, its severity and the woman's age at onset. A chart or grid sent to all women with breast implants showed the exact amounts. For example, a woman younger than 36 with severe scleroderma would receive $1.4 million; a woman over 56 with mild Sjogren's syndrome (dryness of the eyes and salivary glands) would receive $140,000. Claimants were not required to show that the implants were related to the illness. In addition, women who were not ill could receive lesser amounts for emotional distress. They would also be reimbursed for all uninsured medical costs related to breast implants, including evaluations, treatment of implant rupture and removal of implants. Husbands, other "significant others" and children born before April 1, 1994, were also entitled to make claims. Children, for example, could claim compensation for injuries caused by their mother's implants (a particularly mysterious provision, since no such injury has ever been demonstrated).

Women claiming current illness were required to submit substantiating medical records. If these were not sufficient to place the woman in the appropriate category on the grid, the woman's doctor was to send the diagnosis, along with copies of relevant records. Beyond this, there would be no attempt to verify the woman's medical condition. A doctor's diagnosis or the medical records would be challenged only if they failed to meet the eligibility requirements. Moreover, while many of the eligibility requirements (such as swollen joints or abnormal substances in the blood) can be objectively measured, some (such as fatigue or muscle aches) cannot. In fact, it would be possible to qualify for compensation without any objective manifestations of illness whatsoever. For example, a woman could claim joint and muscle aches, disturbed sleep, fatigue and burning pain in the chest, none of which can be objectively verified by her doctor or anyone else, and collect up to $700,000.

In the end, the class-action settlement may well unravel. In early May of this year, Judge Sam C. Pointer, the Alabama federal judge who is overseeing the settlement, announced that the size of the compensation for each woman would have to be revised downward. (You can phone Judge Pointer's information line at 1-800-887-6828 for a recorded message giving the current state of play.) It was apparent that the $1.2 billion set aside for current claims would nowhere near cover them. And if it looks like each woman will receive less, then many will opt out of the settlement and go for jury trials, leaving the manufacturers little reason to stay in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Dow Corning, which had pledged to contribute half the amount of the settlement, has already filed for Chapter 11. The company will now have all claims against it held up in bankruptcy court for years.) A desperate Judge Pointer charged the attorneys representing both sides to try to negotiate a new agreement by August 30, presumably one involving increased contributions from the manufacturers. "There are just too many sick women," said Ralph Knowles, one of the lawyers representing the plaintiffs. "I didn't think it was going to be anything like that. If I did, we would have never agreed to the $4.25 billion."

But whatever happens to this settlement, a great deal of damage has already been done. It did not take plaintiffs' attorneys long to realize that breast implants are not the only medical devices on the market that contain silicone. Already, several class actions have been filed on behalf of the approximately 300,000 men with silicone-containing penile implants. Breast implant litigation has also contributed to new alarmism about Norplant, the (highly reliable) contraceptive that is placed under the skin of the arm in six very small, silicone-coated rods. The number of product liability lawsuits against Wyeth-Ayerst, the manufacturer of Norplant, and its parent company, American Home Products, has, according to a *New York Times* story, swelled from twenty in Norplant's first three years on the market to 180 in 1994. Forty-six class-action suits have been filed on behalf of Norplant users, and implants of the contraceptive have fallen from 800 a day to sixty. The illnesses attributed to it include autoimmune and connective tissue-like disorders. Yet, as with breast implants, there is no evidence to implicate Norplant in these disorders.

More worrisome still is the indirect threat to all medical devices—whether they contain silicone or not. Under our liability laws, plaintiffs can make claims against any party involved in the manufacture of an allegedly harmful product, no matter how remote the involvement. Suppliers of raw materials (or biomaterials) for medical devices can be sued, then, even if they have nothing to do with the design and manufacture of the product. The sale of biomaterials for medical devices is a small part of the business of most big suppliers, so the resulting revenues can quickly be offset by the legal liabilities.

Ostensibly because of such risks, three large suppliers of biomaterials have already pulled back from the market. Dow Corning, a supplier as well as a manufacturer, has drastically scaled back sales of silicone to other manufacturers of medical devices and may stop selling it altogether. The embargo will probably affect a wide variety of silicone-containing devices, ranging from the useful to the vital. Among them are cardiac pacemaker wires, artificial joints, mechanical heart valves, intraocular lenses (used after cataract surgery), implantable arteriovenous shunts for people on chronic dialysis and shunts for people with hydrocephalus (a potentially lethal condition in which fluid accumulates in the brain). Dow Chemical Company has stopped supplying a material used in pacemaker components. DuPont announced in 1993 that it would sever connections with the permanent medical implant industry. It will no longer provide medical manufacturers with Dacron polyester, which is used in vascular grafts, or a number of other materials. In DuPont's calculus, what had happened with silicone could happen with any other constituent of medical devices.

Under these conditions, a large number of important medical products may become scarce or even unavailable. In May 1994 Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, then-chairman of the Governmental Affairs Subcommittee on Regulation and Government Information, held hearings on the impact of product liability suits on the availability of medical devices. Among those who testified was Eleanor Gackstatter, president of Meadox Medicals, a manufacturer of vascular grafts and other devices. Gackstatter said that she had tried to contact fifteen alternative suppliers of polyester yarn after DuPont announced it would no longer supply Dacron to her company. None of them, even foreign suppliers, would deal with American manufacturers because of the liability risks. Many manufacturers have a two- or three-year supply of biomaterials on hand, but when that is depleted, there may be a serious shortage. Said Lieberman, "This is a public-health time bomb, and the lives of real people are going to be lost if it explodes.

The effect of the accumulating scientific evidence on the legal situation is difficult to predict. At first, it seemed that new evidence, which so far has failed to find a connection between breast implants and systemic disease, would come too late to affect the class-action settlement. But with Dow Corning's bankruptcy and the likely collapse of the class-action settlement, the matter may very well remain in flux for years. If so, new studies failing to find a link between implants and connective tissue disease could influence the many lawsuits that will follow the collapse of the class-action settlement. Women who thought they had a choice between accepting the terms of a generous class-action settlement or trying for a larger amount individually may find themselves without either option. If that happens, there is no doubt that they will, not unreasonably, feel betrayed by the system.

What lessons can we learn from this tangled story? Any moralist who wanted to preach about the corrupting effects of money and the need for tort reform could certainly find a parable here. Rapacious attorneys who solicit business from women with breast implants, well-paid doctors who stretch the scientific and ethical limits of their profession to bolster legal cases, witnesses who eagerly tailor and sell opinions, even the many healthy women with breast implants who now want to take advantage of the furor over them—all are responding to the lure of big financial awards. Just as worrisome in this case, though, was the apparent resistance to accepting the discipline of scientific evidence, even as our world becomes increasingly dependent on it. The only way to learn the health effects of breast implants is through careful research and unbiased interpretation of the results. There are no shortcuts. Only by relying on scientific evidence can we control the greed, fear and self-indulgence that have so far dominated the breast implant story. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The scoop on Ben & Jerry's crunchy capitalism.

THE EVIL EMPIRE

By Hanna Rosin

Ben Cohen, the crankier half of Vermont's ice cream duo, opens his company's June shareholder meeting with some bad news: "Nineteen-ninety-four, my friends, will forever live in ignominy as the year of our first loss." As the gloom sinks in, a breeze blows through the tent, throwing open the flaps to reveal a stunning view of Vermont's Green Mountains. The tent walls are festooned with a collage of cheery posters, some uplifting (WHAT WE CANNOT DO ALONE WE CAN DO TOGETHER) and some just bubbly (SMOOTH—NO CHUNKS!). Many of the 2,000 loyalists have driven here from as far away as Chicago, and they do not want Arcadia spoiled. Their needs are not lost on Ben. "You know," he picks up, "people talk about how our social mission is affecting our profits negatively. But I want you to know that's a false dichotomy. Our social mission does not detract from our profits. Our social mission adds to our profits. This year is a test. But we will stay true to our roots, true to our soul, true to our dreams for the common good."

The mood lifts; the crowd bursts into applause. Emboldened, Ben begins to holler, his chubby sunburned face turning a shade redder. "I refuse to see another weapons system or space rocket launch and keep my mouth shut.... How do you look a hungry child in the face, coming home to a garbage-strewn neighborhood where gunshots are an everyday occurrence and say that you don't have the money to protect those streets? ... Our country, the last remaining superpower on earth, needs to learn to measure its strength not in terms of how many people it can kill but how many people it can feed, clothe and house."

The crowd is on its feet. By the end of Ben's speech, anyone concerned about the fate of the sagging stock has forgotten all about it. A middle-aged woman runs up to the microphone, her giggling sons in tow: "Ben," she asks, "my boys and I just wanted to know, when are you going to run for president?" Another woman, pregnant under her yellow sundress, is crying when her turn comes. "Ben, Jerry, Ben," she weeps. "It's such a beautiful thing, what you're doing." The man sitting next to me sees me taking notes and solemnly offers his story: "I've been a shareholder since they made their first offering, and I want you to know that I have never, ever tasted even one spoon of Häagen-Dazs."

Before their recent dip, Ben and Jerry's Homemade Ice Cream Inc. was considered nothing short of an economic miracle. In the annals of business history, they are recorded as the first company to turn a profit while behaving like a nonprofit. Their story is almost legendary: the two high-school friends, with a $4,000 loan, opened their first scoop shop in an abandoned Burlington gas station in 1978. As sales grew, the hippie capitalists were consumed with guilt. "We worried we were becoming a cog in the economic machine, whose values we had detested all our lives," Ben recalls in *The Inside Scoop,* a company biography published last year. Jerry Greenfield couldn't take it and, in 1982, moved to Arizona. But Ben stayed behind and invented The Third Way, a path he called "Caring Capitalism."

How does it work? "Detached from values, money may indeed be the root of all evil," Ben now explains in the inspirational speeches he gives to college students and businessmen. "But linked effectively to social purpose, it can be the root of opportunity." To ease his guilt, Ben repented. On the company's first anniversary he gave away free cones to the hippies who flocked to the Vermont shop. A few years later, he vowed to buy milk from Vermont's flagging dairy farms, above market prices. When he hit the $10 million mark, he founded the Ben and Jerry's Foundation, through which the company gave away 7.5 percent of its pre-tax profits to charity, the highest of any American company (the average is 1 percent). But the lost cash also saved millions on advertising. "INSPIRATIONAL ICE CREAM," gushed *The New York Times,* in one of hundreds of fawning articles. In fifteen years, the $140 million company with barely 500 employees built up the brand-name recognition of a company ten times its size.

With the publicity came the inevitable backlash: that Ben and Jerry are nothing more than New Age scam artists, feeding social consciousness to gullible yuppies and pocketing the cash. The scarier truth may be that they've scammed themselves. Like their fortysomething followers, they believe the most flattering image of themselves: that, despite their millions, they haven't sold out. "It's really interesting what you can do with a business when you don't care about making a lot of money," millionaire Ben mused to *The New Age Journal* in 1988, a quote earnestly reprinted in the Harvard Business

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

School case study of the company. Profits to him are just an incidental bonus of social work: "There is a spiritual aspect to business.... We are all interconnected. As we help others, we cannot help but to help ourselves." For a generation of guilt-ridden followers, his insight is holy; to save the world, all they need to do is consult the popular buying guide and "Shop for a Better World."

This doesn't mean the company is built on scandalous lies—just little white lies, mutual delusions that keep everyone happy. For example, one tenet of caring capitalism is to be "real," to "connect with the customer." This spirit is what drove the company's offbeat search for a new CEO. Early last summer, Ben and Jerry held a press conference to announce that Ben would step down as CEO. Profits had plummeted, the superpremium ice cream market was shrinking; in short, the company had grown too complicated for a "multi-college dropout and failed pottery teacher to run," Ben announced. What pained him most was the company's decision to give up the salary cap that had limited the top executive's salary to seven times that of the lowest-paid employee, the $8 an hour scooper (a sacrifice that had always obscured Ben's millions in stock shares).

BEN COHEN AND JERRY GREENFIELD
BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But, before the mood at the press conference grew too sour, Jerry appeared holding a poster that showed him and Ben dressed like jolly Uncle Sams, with upside-down pints on their heads, announcing the "Yo, I'm Your CEO" contest. Anyone could apply, and, in 100 words or less, explain why he or she would make the best CEO. The winner got the job, and the runner-up got ice cream for life. More than 20,000 applications poured in, mostly from caged yuppies desperate to escape. "Help!" began one letter, written in a child's crayon scrawl and prominently displayed at the Waterbury factory. "I'm stuck with Mr. and Mrs. FastTrack in California. Mom is a Nestle Marketing Director and Dad is a Baxter Health Care Executive. They need new careers and I need a real backyard."

On February 1, a press release announced the lucky winner: Bob Holland, whose poem was attached "as per direction for Ben and Jerry's 'Yo I'm Your CEO' contest." What the release doesn't mention is that he wrote the poem after he was picked. A month after their press conference, Ben and Jerry's had hired Russell Reynolds Associates, a New York executive search firm to do the real work. The firm discovered Holland, a thirteen-year veteran at McKinsey & Company and consultant to several Fortune 100 companies. If asked, officials at Ben and Jerry's don't lie about the search firm; they just don't mention it. No one at the shareholders' meeting I spoke to knew Holland had skipped the essay contest. But they didn't seem to care much, either. "You must be related to Maya Angelou," gushed one shareholder after Holland, who is black, read another poem at the meeting. "No wonder they picked you."

It's this kind of awestruck reverence, willfully ignorant of details, that fuels the Ben and Jerry's juggernaut. One of their most popular crusades is "Save the Rainforest," promoted on pints of Rainforest Crunch ice cream. The flavor was hatched in 1989, when Ben met anthropologist Jason Clay at a party after a Grateful Dead Rainforest Benefit concert. The two were hanging around the kitchen, and Ben mentioned he was looking for a nut brittle made from something more exotic than peanuts. Clay had the perfect solution: his pet project, Cultural Survival Enterprises, was harvesting nuts and fruits from the Amazon to make preserving the rainforest economically viable. A few days later, they mixed up a batch of vanilla ice cream and native nut brittle in Vermont, and Rainforest Crunch was born. Its label, printed in the company's cutely lopsided font, read: "Money from these nuts will help Brazilian forest peoples start a nut-shelling cooperative that they'll own and operate."

At first it did. But, as nut orders poured in, the struggling Xapuri cooperative collapsed under the demand. Ben and Jerry's ended up buying more than 95 percent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the nuts from commercial suppliers, including one shipment from the Mutran family, a notorious agribusiness that was reported in the Brazilian press to have killed labor organizers. In any case, it was a stretch to call Xapuri "forest peoples"; they were Portuguese rubber tappers, whose ancestors had arrived at the turn of the century to exploit the Amazon. As for the actual "forest peoples," many were none too happy with the project. Indigenous rights leaders complained their troops were being seduced by the lure of dollars, although the sums were paltry. After developing an appetite for Western goods, some of the forest people sold whatever land they owned to buy houses and cars. "Its concrete help has been minimal," a report of the Alliance of Forest Peoples concluded about the mission, "and the negative repercussions have been enormous."

Last year, Ben and Jerry's removed "forest peoples" from the label, though they swear it was not out of contrition but to make room for promotions of their new "Smooth" line of flavors. Even their own internal social-performance audit, an independent review of their projects that gets published in the annual report, suggested the company's packaging was misleading. But B&J are unrepentant: "It sounds like real hairsplitting to me," says Alan Parker, director of social missions. "Who's to say what's best for indigenous people? If you look at it, we had an intent, and our own objective was met. We never said we bought all our nuts from the cooperative." Cultural Survival, which has abandoned the project, disagrees: "It's really become a disingenuous marketing strategy to say if you spend $2.99 you'll help save the rainforest," says Michelle McKinley, who has redirected the group to small-scale projects with indigenous peoples. "It makes it seem quick and easy and contributes to a lot of misunderstanding."

Their customers, of course, love quick and easy activism, a lesson Ben and Jerry learned early. In 1983, the company decided to expand into Boston, to see if they could compete in an urban market. The business expansion fast became a populist crusade. They plastered the city with posters announcing, "TWO CRAZY VERMONT HIPPIES INVADE BOSTON WITH THEIR ICE CREAM." Häagen-Dazs, which then held a monopoly on superpremium ice cream, threatened distributors who carried Ben and Jerry's that they would lose their business, a prospect no distributor could afford. So Ben and Jerry started a movement. They took out a classified ad in *Rolling Stone* asking readers to "help two Vermont hippies fight the giant Pillsbury corporation." Jerry doggedly picketed the Pillsbury headquarters in Minneapolis, handing out pamphlets asking, "WHAT'S THE DOUGHBOY AFRAID OF?" The Doughboy hotline was flooded with outraged callers, expressing such sentiments as, "Corporations like yours really make me sick!" and threatening to form gangs of Doughboy busters. The guerrilla warfare achieved its goal: Ben and Jerry's conquered the market and in a few years owned their own giant corporation.

That irony aside, the campaign was based on a kernel of untruth. Ben and Jerry's has always defined itself as the polar opposite of Häagen-Dazs: their competitor is "worldly and elegant," they are the underdog, "funky and unpretentious." "Do you think the Doughboy is afraid of the The American Dream?" B&J's pamphlets taunted. But, as B&J know, no one embodies the American Dream better than Reuben Mattus, founder of Häagen-Dazs, a high-school dropout from Poland who started by hawking homemade ices in the Bronx from a horse-drawn cart. (He made up the name Häagen-Dazs because he thought it sounded Danish, and he put a map of Scandinavia on the lid.) B&J's scraggly hipness, by contrast, is only skin deep. Their first idea for a company, after all, was United Bagel Service, which would home-deliver bagels and lox with *The New York Times* on Sundays. And Ben only recently gave up his Saab for a pick-up truck, at the same time he went on a rice-and-beans diet in solidarity with the Third World.

Paeans to the oppressed seem to be Ben's forte. At the shareholders' meeting, he declared himself committed to a "diverse organization in a diverse society," after introducing the new CEO. This summer, he signed the fashionable petition to stay the execution of death-row prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal. And, in the last year, Ben has been seen wearing baggy pants, high-tops and a baseball cap turned backward, blasting rap music from his office. His latest idea, hatched on a recent visit to Harlem, is to have one black and one Korean driver on every delivery truck, to encourage interracial harmony.

Still, peel off the gangsta-wear and Ben's politics are utterly conventional, if not Wall Street Republican: "Business is the most powerful force in the world," Ben preaches, echoing Andrew Mellon-era capitalists. The company's direct inner-city initiatives are all model Republican workfare programs, such as a Partnershop in Harlem, a franchise run by a local businessman where scoopers from a nearby drug rehab center follow strict work and dress codes. Another of the company's proudest projects is a partnership with the Greyston Bakery, where homeless people bake brownies to be used in Chocolate Fudge Brownie frozen yogurt and, as the annual report trumpets, "transform their relationship to work."

Then there are the inner-city initiatives that fail. If there are any doubts about B&J's bloodless business instincts, they can be dispelled by another holy man, the Reverend James Carter, who crossed the company's path in 1992. Back then, Carter ran a modest New Jersey bakery called LaSoul, where recovering addicts churned out pumpkin pies for the local groceries. A week after he saw Ben on ABC's "20/20," Carter packed up a trunk full of pies and drove to the company headquarters. Ben loved both the pies and "Reverend Carter's vision of building a sound business." In three weeks, Carter had a letter of intent to do business with the company, which he showed to the bank to borrow money for equipment. Ben flew down to New Jersey to tape a TV show of himself helping ex-addicts mix batches of the new Apple Pie frozen yogurt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After two years, however, sales of the flavor were flagging. In May 1994, Ben and Jerry's drastically decreased its orders, leaving Carter with freezers full of pies. Frantic, Carter laid off all but two employees and called Ben. The next day, Ben flew to New Jersey, "sat down, looked them straight in the eye," and, recalls Carter, said, "Don't worry, we'll stick with you." But orders never picked up, and, this June, Carter received a letter from the company, by fax, that congratulated him on his "good works" and canceled all remaining orders. He was left half a million dollars in debt. "It's pretty cute, this social mission," Carter says bitterly. "But the bottom line is, Ben and Jerry's buried my company."

Ask Ben about the incident, and he sounds more like Gordon Gecko than Robin Hood: "We told Jim to find more customers. We gave him six months' notice." When the normally upbeat Alan Parker is reminded of a spreadsheet dated November 11, 1994, that projected $500,000 worth of orders from LaSoul in 1995, he replies: "That spreadsheet was given to him as a best-case scenario for volume expectations. Nothing about that memo could be construed as a firm commitment, and it's really disingenuous for him to cite it." Do they feel at all responsible? "Sure, we feel sad," says Parker. "But our sadness is tempered with 'why are we being blamed?' We worked closely with him to make our demands on him easier, and that's not something many customers would do for their suppliers. In the end, LaSoul was just not a viable business enterprise."

You can see Parker's point. Like many other socially responsible businesses that have followed in their wake, Ben and Jerry's risks making cynics' mouths water at the first hint of failure. In the gentlest of tones, barely audible above the Mozart concerto filling the room, CEO Bob Holland taught me a lesson on muckraking: "If you go and say, 'I'm going to be concerned about the environment, I care about the hungry,' then people, particularly journalists, say something's wrong with you.... I had a conversation with this newscaster on TV this morning, and I was very mindful of what he was trying to do. Finally, I made the fatal flaw of saying we're going to move into Europe, and this guy saw this as his golden opportunity and said, 'OK, what's Ben and Jerry's going to do about Bosnia?' "

OK, so Bosnia is ridiculous. But not every critic is a cynic, and trying doesn't grant you automatic immunity. Like Ben and Jerry's, many of the socially responsible businesses publish their own social audits, in which they publicly flagellate themselves over minor failings. (In Ben and Jerry's 1994 report we learn, for example, that the number of employees who think often about quitting has doubled, from 19 percent to 38 percent.) But let a journalist criticize and they go berserk. The first scandal in the crunchy business world erupted last year, when journalist Jon Entine published an exposé of The Body Shop in *Business Ethics* magazine detailing, among other things, how the company concocts stories about the exotic origins of its products and lies about natural ingredients and animal testing. Ben was furious, calling it a "biased, poor piece of journalism" and quit the board of the magazine. Last year, a meeting was convened by the Social Venture Network, the exclusive club of the movement's icons, which is based in San Francisco. Twice yearly, CEOs of companies such as Aveda, Stonyfield Farm and Reebok gather to think up ways to "create an equitable, fair and democratic society through our business practices," as their brochure explains. At the last meeting, the question of The Body Shop arose. Journalists, of course, were not invited, but several participants described how the meeting went: the members came together in an auditorium where a maharishi sat on stage in a yoga position. The mystic forbade anyone to say anything critical to Anita Roddick, The Body Shop's founder. Then he led everyone in a chant, told them to embrace and declared the community ready to "move on." Roddick read his suggestion as a criticism and stormed out of the room.

Roddick and the cult of business visionaries live by Ben's universal dichotomy: money is the root of all evil or the font of all good. Entrepreneurs are saints or predators. Merely by declaring solidarity with their movement, a businessman's actions are beyond question: CEOs are admitted to the Social Venture Network by invitation only, and they are never asked to leave. "The distance between our rhetoric and our actions is the field in which we labor," is the group's motto, a foolproof shield from critics.

It would never occur to them to apply that motto to those outside the group. If Mobil launches a clean air campaign, it is assumed to be a cynical ploy. In fact, some of the most innovative environmental solutions have come from the worst polluters, responding purely to fear of punishment, as Entine points out in a recent paper. When the chemical company Monsanto discovered it was cheaper to recycle sludge than dispose of it, the innovation revolutionized toxic-waste disposal and had a far greater effect on the environment than a Save the Rainforest campaign. When GM signed the CERES principles to protect the environment, it paved the way for other corporate giants.

Caring capitalism is perhaps best left to larger enterprises. Ben and Jerry's ultimate contribution is a more conservative one: translating the spirit of the '60s into ad copy: "You know it will sell, because Dead paraphernalia always sells," wrote the two anonymous hippies who suggested calling a new flavor Cherry Garcia. And sell it did. Ben and Jerry printed up bumper stickers in psychedelic neon that read, "WHAT A LONG, STRANGE DIP IT'S BEEN." Aging baby-boomers bought it by the carton. But the story is not without its ironies. When Ben and Jerry sent a pint to Jerry Garcia, they got back a letter from his lawyer demanding royalties. Still, Ben forgives. "Jerry Garcia inspired us and lifted our spirits," Ben laments on the occasion of the legend's death. And, as always, there's a happy ending: as soon as his death was announced, sales of Cherry Garcia frozen yogurt shot through the roof. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Vision Territory

Michael Blakemore is better known as a director of theater than of film, is much less known as an actor, and is even less known as a writer. Yet he has not only directed **Country Life** (Miramax), he plays a leading role in the screenplay that he himself wrote.

This venture is all the more venturous because the screenplay is an adaptation of *Uncle Vanya* set in Australia. Most of Blakemore's career has been spent in Britain, but he is Australian by birth, and he has transposed Chekhov to a sheep station there—just after World War One. The details are altered, of course, but Blakemore keeps the same character relationships. For instance, he plays the Serebryakov character, except that here he is not a pedant but an aging theater critic who was born on this station, went to London for a career, and has now returned with a pretty wife much younger than himself. Other characters are tailored to fit.

The question of whether Blakemore equals Chekhov is silly. Blakemore's purpose was simply to try the Chekhov structure in a different setting to see what he could evoke from a territory he knows through the agency of a great play. This is not a new idea. (In 1950 Broadway saw *The Wisteria Trees*, Joshua Logan's Deep South version of *The Cherry Orchard*.) But for Blakemore it's not a mere gimmick. He wants to investigate Australia—traditions, snobberies, cruelties and worth. He chose 1918 presumably because it would give some historical perspective and yet, by being postwar, would connect in some ways with the rest of the century.

Vanya—here called Jack, which is what the Russian name means—is left at the end, not frozen by the prospect of a loveless future but railing with resentment against "this bloody country." Sonya (renamed) comforts him, not with a promise of future heavenly rest but with consolations about Australia. This weed that Jack despises is really beautiful, the caw-ing of crows is really musical. Blakemore's finish is much smaller than Chekhov's, yet it fits the reduced proportions of his version.

His theater critic is not Chekhov's self-important dullard but a conscious fraud. Jack discovers the fraudulence by rummaging through the supposedly great work that the critic is writing and discovering that it is piffle. (How Jack, the rugged rancher, developed literary judgment is unexplained.) The critic's young wife has married him not because she is impressed with his mind but because she lost a lover in the war and took an older man in order to be safe. She and the doctor, the Astrov character, actually attempt to make love, but a maid makes it coitus interruptus, which is Blakemore's updating of Astrov's futile plea for a rendezvous.

These and other changes, all in some degree reductive, can be accepted as part of Blakemore's scale. Only one change is grating. The parting scene between the wife and the doctor, Chekhovian quiet agony, is transposed to a lavatory, and the pencil that Yelena takes from Astrov is changed to some comic flapdoodle with the handle of the water-closet chain-pull. The intent is probably to show the immanence of farce in human seriousness, but it never gets below the farcical element.

Country Life has real rewards. Stephen Windon's cinematography makes a sense of the past tenderly visible, and Wendy Chuck's costumes help exquisitely. As the doctor, Sam Neill, freed from his Jurassic Parking, is excellent. John Hargreaves, notable in previous Australian films, seems somewhat heady as Jack until we see how his timbre fits his purpose. As the young wife, Greta Scacchi, who can sometimes be less than interesting, is very affecting.

But the treasurable performance is by Kerry Fox as the Sonya character—warm, funny, without self-pity, yet poignant. When Scacchi compliments Fox on her hair and Fox replies that this is what people always say about plain women (a passage retained from the original), we can only feel pity for a world that doesn't recognize Fox as the most beautiful of the lot.

Blakemore, as the critic, is adequate, but he is a transparent actor. After a few minutes of his performance, we feel we can see through to the end of all that he may give us. However, his direction of the film, except for some occasional underscoring, is quite all right.

From a new version of a specific work to a new version of an old genre. **Something to Talk About** (Warner Bros.), except for its profanity and sex talk, could have been

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Jeffrey. *If you think a comedy about AIDS is impossible, try this. A gay New York actor, frightened of infection, shuns sex, or wants to. Understanding, compassion—and wit. (Reviewed 7/31/95)* **Living in Oblivion.** *The travails of low-budget film-making, hilariously chronicled by Tom DiCillo, a young writer-director who knows whereof he speaks. (8/21/95)* **My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud.** *Gérard Mordillat directs as if his film were part of his subject's poesy. Sami Frey hauntingly creates the poet-actor-director in the last two years of his mad, anguished life. (8/14/95)* **The Net.** *Sandra Bullock's next step as an ascending star. In this really exciting thriller she plays a computer-program analyst who accidentally discovers a huge computer secret. This gets her in serious trouble. (8/29/95)*—**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done fifty years ago. It's a flossy rich-people romance about a horsey Southern family, with roles for Kay Francis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent and Claude Rains. Instead, it has Julia Roberts, Kyra Sedgwick, Dennis Quaid and Robert Duvall.

The screenplay is by Callie Khouri, who wrote the trenchant *Thelma and Louise* but who has here retrenched. This limp account of a husband's transgressions and his wife's eventual ennoblement by them is old-time women's-magazine fodder. Khouri's dialogue is woefully lame. She relies heavily on latter-day license: whenever a character needs a sharp response, Khouri gives him or her a "son of a bitch" instead.

Roberts is the wife who learns that her husband, Quaid, is seeing another woman. And how clumsily Khouri contrives it. Roberts just happens to be driving past the small-town bank where Quaid is waiting outside for his mistress; Roberts sees the woman arrive and sees Quaid kiss her lubriciously—on the street, in the town where he is well-known.

She and Quaid quarrel, of course, and he moves out, though with visiting rights to their small daughter. The plot includes a giant horse show where the daughter triumphs, and her grandfather, Duvall, the head of the family, does not. A strong silent man is dragged in so that Roberts may—almost—have sexual revenge on her errant husband. A loopy old aunt provides Roberts with an aphrodisiac recipe to use on Quaid. Nothing but fun, fun, fun.

Roberts's uncommanding performance isn't helped by Khouri's irresolute writing, which keeps groping for some point in the whole stale fandango. At last Roberts decides she wants to be a person in her own right and goes back to the veterinary school she gave up for marriage. But, seemingly, she hasn't given up the marriage either. More and more as the film progresses, the script reeks of rewrites.

Duvall, superb actor, is wasted in a nothing role. Quaid, fitfully charming, is getting fat. The film's only sparks of life come from Sedgwick as Roberts's frank but affectionate sister. But even she must dwell within the candy-box look that Sven Nykvist gave the film. He is one of the greatest cinematographers, but the best that can be said of him here is that he fits his method to the material.

Which leads to a curious point. This sort of smug and snug picture is sometimes said to be a product of the Reagan-Bush fur-bearing era, now carried forward by a conservative Congress. Yet this genre—the amorous flutterings of the affluent designed chiefly to let us share affluence for a short while—never flourished more fully than in the years of Franklin Roosevelt. •

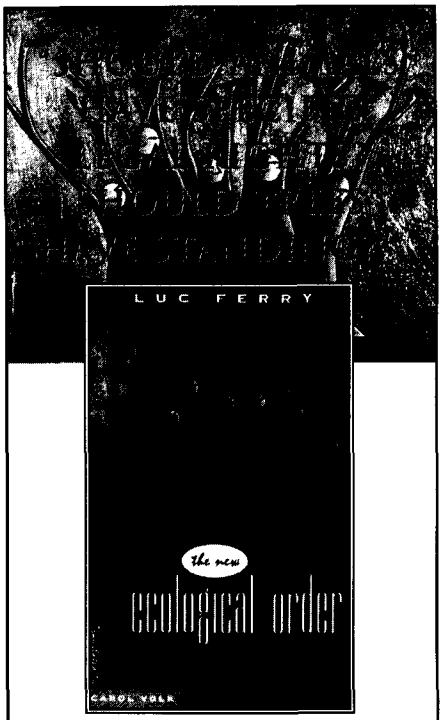
Robert Brustein on Theater

The Death of the Collective Ideal

Following the rampage by mutinous freshmen legislators in July, the Senate and the House have begun haggling over whether to eliminate the National Endowment for the Arts entirely, or simply to render it totally ineffective. After the House voted to slash the NEA budget to $99 million and axe it in two years, the Senate raised appropriations to $110 million without announcing a date of termination. That sounds like an improvement, but Republican senators, in collusion with a number of Democrats, hedged the bill with so many "shalt nots" that it is doubtful that any self-respecting artistic institution could live with it.

Amendments to the Senate version submitted by Jesse Helms (and endorsed, surprisingly, by Edward Kennedy) not only propose that nonprofit grantees agree to an obscenity clause barring offensive sexual representation but forswear all subjects that "denigrate religion." A lower court ruling some years ago on similar NEA content restrictions found them unconstitutional (the Clinton Justice Department is still considering whether to appeal that decision). Yet our legislators, like dysfunctional children who keep misreading the same passages over and over again, continue to misinterpret or to disregard the intentions of the Founding Fathers.

Still more troubling, there are signs that the current Supreme Court may choose to disregard these intentions as well. The Court's decision on Reagan's infamous "gag" rule, for example, found



THE NEW ECOLOGICAL ORDER

Luc Ferry

Translated by Carol Volk

"Just how far do our responsibilities go toward nature, asks Ferry in this erudite and entertaining critique of environmentalism. Ferry starts this study of environmental ethics back in the 16th century, when troublesome beetles and leeches were put on trial. . . . Such evenhandedness was dealt a death blow by Cartesianism, that perfect model of anthropocentrism in which all rights went to man and none to nature. . . . Now environmental activists are demanding a new ecological mindset, one in which nature writ large has the same rights as humans. At the far end of this movement are the deep ecologists. . . . Ferry finds them appalling: antihuman, with tendencies toward authoritarianism, dogmatism, and a strong anticulture streak. . . . A closely argued, well-documented, sensitive critique."—**Kirkus Reviews*

Paper $14.95 190 pages Cloth $34.95

AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the government was not suspending any freedoms by barring certain rights—the right (in *Rust* vs. *Sullivan*) to discuss abortion in federally funded hospitals. Hospitals were always "free" not to accept federal funds. If the Helms restrictions are adopted by the full Congress, and supported by the Courts, refusing funds may be one of the last "freedoms" left to artists and artistic institutions. For some of us, it will certainly be the only honorable option. Should my own theater agree to these restrictions, for example, we would be obliged to cancel our season—at least three of our five proposed offerings, most notably Molière's *Tartuffe*, could easily be construed as "denigrating religion."

Indeed, for a few difficult years, and despite his friendship with Louis XIV, Molière got in deep trouble over this very same issue. Come to think of it, so did independent thinkers throughout history. On similar charges of "denigrating religion," Socrates was given hemlock, Jesus suffered on the Cross, Galileo faced excommunication. Have Jesse Helms and his Christian-right cohorts forgotten that one of the reasons their ancestors came to this country was to seek refuge from narrow religious constraints? They are certainly ignoring the fact that our Constitution is founded on the separation of church and state.

If these issues are not soon resolved in a rational fashion, we must prepare ourselves for the death of the nonprofit cultural movement as we know it. Already, a number of companies, mostly in dance (and notably the Joffrey Ballet), are throwing in the towel. Many deficit-ridden theaters will soon follow suit. And we may even lose some of our less well-endowed opera companies, symphonies and museums. The death of the nonprofit movement should come as no surprise. The remarkable thing is that it managed to survive this long, considering how inimical the idea of not putting profit first has always been to the American system of values.

The concept of a culture driven by art and inspiration rather than by the cash register, a culture dependent on collective efforts rather than personal celebrity, always had a vaguely foreign ring to it. It challenged our traditional commitment to individualism, ignored the lure of the marketplace, even smelled of socialism, for God's sake. It was only a matter of time, therefore, before we would consign it to the same dustbin as the quaint old notion that in a civilized society we are all mutually responsible for one another.

I mention social welfare and cultural support together because it is no coincidence that the nonprofit movement in this country evolved and flourished during the same years as Kennedy's New Frontier and Johnson's Great Society. What they all shared was a common belief in community and a joint sense that, despite the generosity of private philanthropists, the only agency likely to show consistent concern for the well being of most Americans was the government. Without federal involvement, we would inevitably be reduced—as now we are—to a state of nature, which is to say a condition of unregulated greed and officially endorsed rapacity.

I don't mean to suggest that all those in the nonprofit sector are self-denying public servants. Creative expression is hardly selfless, and the creative life is famously driven by egoism and temperament. It has often been argued that the level of self-love among artists is higher than among most other mortals, which may help explain why in this country they are often the objects of such resentment. How many other Americans make their living performing tasks about which they feel passionate?

On the other hand, nonprofit artists found a way to sublimate impulses that might otherwise be construed as narcissistic into performances that entertained and stimulated audiences. Not on a mass scale—that appeal belonged to movie stars and rock idols—but on a local level, where the following, if smaller, was often equally intense. It was in tight cohesive communities that actors, directors, singers, dancers, musicians and performance artists were sufficiently valued to encourage subordination of individual careerism to communal efforts.

This, at least, was the declared purpose of the nonprofit membership, which in its ideal state flourished only for a few years. Then, in the recession-driven '70s and '80s, the marketplace began to compete for the talents of artists and artistic institutions and, more often than not, succeeded in winning them. I'm talking about the theater which, though the weakest of the nonprofit structures, was nevertheless the movement's single innovation. Dance stayed relatively free of commercial incursions, having no great mass appeal (which may explain why dance companies are now the most seriously threatened by the collapse of federal funding). Symphony orchestras, though also limited in popularity, were always fairly well supported by their communities. And the opera world was often buttressed by international stars with huge followings. Nonprofit theater, on the other hand, almost from the beginning, was prey to the music of the marketplace, whether the lullaby of Broadway or the siren song of Hollywood.

These commercial melodies were a form of pressure on the theater to reclaim its seat on the Great White Way. Before World War II, even the Group Theatre, for all its collective idealism, had to organize itself on a Broadway-oriented, box-office basis in order to survive (it survived for less than ten years). Only in the '50s and '60s, with the rise of such companies as the Arena in Washington, the Guthrie in Minneapolis and the Trinity Rep in Providence, did the nonprofit theater begin to challenge the hegemony of Broadway in a significant way, spreading into virtually every major urban center in the land.

Federal funding in alliance with corporate and individual corporations, private foundations and subscription income had been responsible for the evolution of more than 400 institutional theaters. Many of these employed permanent acting ensembles, performing—in the manner of dance and opera companies—in rotating repertory. But soon the fickle fashions of funding turned away from the theater—or at least from general operating support—leaving these institutions with only one dependable source of funds, and only one artistic conscience: the NEA. Ranging from 1 percent to 10 percent of a theater's budget, however, federal grants were never large enough to protect nonprofit companies from deficits, and instead of increasing the NEA budget to compensate for other disappearing sources, government money was rapidly diminishing.

A few communities—notably Minneapolis, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco and Louisville—were sufficiently proud of their theaters to support them properly. Many others began to founder. Before long, these theaters were looking for alternative forms of survival—partnerships, bookings, retail shops and corporate alliances equivalent to commercial announcements on National Public Radio. The most popular and lucrative approach—with Joseph Papp's *Chorus Line* as the significant model—was to transfer successful productions to the commercial theater. Depending on the extent of control the originating theater had over production, this was a marginally acceptable alternative to bankruptcy. It represented making money the old-fashioned way—by earning it—and inspired Schubert Foundation executive Gerald Schoenfeld's quip that "there's no profit like nonprofit." As he suggested, the search for potential Broadway product was largely responsible for a growing lack of risk in scheduling seasons. It certainly spelled the end of permanent companies among all but a handful of resident institutions. New York transfers broke the ranks of actors, shook their faith in the ideals of the company and sent them into a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

A Baltimore Success Story

What is the most serious problem facing the U.S. today? I'd put educating poor, minority students in urban schools close to the top of the list. For many of these youngsters, a good education will be the only chance to get out of poverty and become successful and productive adults. But test scores and other measures of achievement show that, on average, these children lag far behind students in middle class schools. It's true that minority test scores have been improving over the past 20 years, but we are still doing poorly. Nobody knows this better than the people who work in these schools, and they are desperate to find answers. That is why the principal of Barclay, an inner-city elementary school in Baltimore, went, about ten years ago, to beg the superintendent to let her try something different in her school.

Barclay language arts and writing scores, which were consistently below the 30th percentile, are now above the 60th percentile.

The principal, Gertrude Williams, knew that the program she wanted was excellent. She had visited Calvert, the Baltimore private school that has been using it for 90 years. Calvert's philosophy and curriculum are conservative. The curriculum still includes some books that were published in 1905 because the students love the stories and poems in these books, and the people in charge don't think you throw something away just because it's been around for a while. There is a strong emphasis on reading and writing and an insistence that students get things right. At the beginning of every day, students correct the mistakes they made in their written work the previous day. The curriculum is also very specific. It lays out what children should learn week by week and year by year and the way teachers should teach it.

Williams did not have an easy job talking the central office into letting her use the Calvert program at Barclay, even though she had foundation money to pay for it. In fact, three successive superintendents turned her down. (One told her that Calvert was a "rich man's curriculum," to which she answered, "I wouldn't look for a poor man's curriculum.") Finally the current mayor gave the go-ahead four years ago.

What has happened at Barclay? It is an extraordinary success story.

Barclay is 94 percent minority and its students come mostly from poor African-American families. Eighty-two percent are eligible for free or reduced-price lunch (the Baltimore average for free and reduced-price lunch is 67 percent; the state average is 26 percent). Before the Calvert program was introduced, achievement at Barclay was in the cellar. For example, the average reading scores for Baltimore students in grades 2 to 4 were between the 35th and 40th percentile; the average scores for Barclay students were in the low 20th percentile.

Now, according to a fourth-year evaluation of the program by Sam Stringfield, a Johns Hopkins University researcher, Barclay reading scores are "consistently at or above the 50th percentile, and, in one case, approach the 70th percentile"—a gain of 30 to 50 points. Language arts and writing scores, which were consistently below the 30th percentile, are now above the 60th percentile. Student achievement also compares very favorably with that of youngsters attending private schools. For example, a reading exam given mainly to private school students places Barclay fourth graders at the 69th percentile. In other words, they read better than 69 percent of a national sample of children who took this test. And there are comparable gains in every area. At the same time, attendance is up, the number of students qualifying for the school district's Gifted and Talented Education program is up, and the number of children diagnosed as needing special education services is down by three-quarters.

I'll have more to say about why the Calvert program has been so successful at Barclay School in another column. The bottom line is that Barclay students have gone from being just another group of low-achieving Baltimore students to youngsters whose test scores are consistently above the national average. These are outcomes of which any school district in the country could be proud.

All of which brings up some interesting questions. Earlier this month, Baltimore decided to continue the contract of Education Alternatives, Inc. (EAI), the private, for-profit firm that has been managing nine Baltimore schools over the past three years. The city did this even though an independent evaluation found that students in EAI schools are doing no better than students in other Baltimore schools. Why does Baltimore continue to bet taxpayers' money—and the future of Baltimore youngsters—on a firm that has yet to prove that it knows anything about educating kids when the Calvert program has shown the change it can make in the very same group of children? Why is Baltimore ignoring what looks like one of the genuine success stories in urban education? I'm sure Baltimore's children and their parents would like to know the answer.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

ADVERTISEMENT
LIGHTHOUSE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commercial exile from which few were likely to return. Today, the number of good actors available for company work is pitifully small.

A later source of funding was the array of grants reserved by private foundations for multiculturalism. This development appeared on the surface to be an endorsement of collective ideals, the groups being not theater artists as a whole but rather blacks, women, Latinos, Asians and other minority enclaves. It soon became clear such funding was more an endorsement of collective narcissism, with each group crowing about its own identity. Instead of helping to create internal strength, foundations were imposing external agendas on American theater institutions, in an effort to change the makeup of their audience.

The result of all this is a theater in disarray, uncertain of its purpose, unclear about its identity, insecure about its survival, a theater too weakened to lead its audiences and too confused to follow them. The future of nonprofit theaters in this country appears to be increasing commercialization, trivialization or balkanization—in short, the end of the collective ideal. Meanwhile the media, in its ignorance of how the artistic process functions and its insatiable hunger for product to write about, keeps clamoring for hits which, in the present climate, are less and less likely to be produced.

It has often been said that every civilization gets the theater it deserves. What we seem to be getting, through the crush of ineluctable social, economic and legislative forces, is a theater that will survive only by reverting to its former function as a watering hole for tired businessmen—appropriate enough for a nation whose elected representatives seem passionate only on behalf of businessmen and their interests. •

Mindy Aloff on Dance

Family Values

In 1957, Martha Graham and dancers of her company collaborated with the film director Nathan Kroll to produce a documentary of Graham's technique. That half-hour long, black-and-white film is called *A Dancer's World*, and it continues to inspire audiences of all ages with its grandiloquent sense of mission and its unremitting technical economy. The "world" of the film is really double-chambered. There is the light-flooded studio, where such Graham stars as Helen McGehee and Mary Hinkson, stage goddesses in practice clothes, demonstrate elements of a Graham class and then rehearse passages of choreography. And there is the theater itself, represented by Graham at her backstage dressing table, making up her face with a sibylline composure before a lit candle as she delivers encompassing monologues about dancing as an art form. "You learn to conform, to submit yourself to the demand of your craft," she says, so that on the stage "you may finally be free." Dancers return to the studio each day "to work as one of the many, that we may be once more reborn as the one."

The late '50s were a watershed for Graham. Although she would go on to perform for another decade and to choreograph for three more decades, this period marked her valediction as a commanding dancer-choreographer: it was the last moment when the effects that she coined for her own body and the images that she assembled for her company were equally powerful. *A Dancer's World* anticipated the split that would evolve during the 1960s, when Graham's own dancing could no longer serve her as the wellspring of creation, and the dance focus of her pieces had to be engendered by others around the charismatic personal and theatrical presence that she brought to the stage.

Few of the dances that Graham made after 1960 have remained in her company's repertory, and many of those that she did fashion after that year compromised her prestige as a choreographer. Still, to the end of her career, she attracted remarkable young dancers who could make her older work live anew. They could do so, even during periods when she was too ill or depressed to encourage them, because Graham had given them more than a repertory. She had empowered them with one of the most astonishing inventions of twentieth-century dance: the Graham technique. She used this potent instrument to forge stage pictures of the bedroom in the brain that could be positively lubricious; and yet there is nothing unseemly about the technique. It is centered in the diaphragm, back and pelvis; it has a kinetic logic that can be taught to children and, performed with care, it consecrates the body to a wedding of disciplined energy and dynamic balance—to a vision of human survival. This vision thrives on adversity. When a Graham character is felled by narrative circumstance, the dancer takes the fall with full control, his or her various muscles of the torso working in concert to protect the spine from injury. The character can be stricken because the dancer knows how to live; the dancer's fall is the triumph of life.

During a recent celebration of Graham in New York—it centered around the "Radical Graham" season by the Graham company, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—*A Dancer's World* was among the many Graham films that were screened around town. Most of these movies were made for public distribution, but it was possible to find rare, uncommercial documentary footage that provided comparatively uncalculated views of Graham's technique and theater. These archival sequences were of particular interest, for they showed Graham and her dancers putting into practice principles that *A Dancer's World* articulates and demonstrates consciously and under high tension. Several of these were screened one afternoon at the New School. They date from the 1940s, the period of Graham's most creative work as a choreographer, and they are treasures. They reveal the Graham technique in her most intense and fertile years.

Consider a single detail: the way the dancers hold their heads. Their attitude is positively noble, even in situations where the drama leads the characters to act out scenes of brutality or self-loathing. The dancer's spine is a plumb line that seems to begin, as in classical ballet, at the base of the skull. When the face is lifted, exposing the throat ecstatically, the action is never an isolated physical event. It is invariably the result of some other change, occurring elsewhere in the body, that takes the spine momentarily off plumb: a contraction, a spiral turn, a back fall, a looping recovery. Whatever happens, the face remains composed. To track the transitory emotions of the dance one seeks out the torso and limbs, whose motivating energy the movements of the head project.

This ability to maintain what is, in fact, an artificial (that is, an aesthetic) logic of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body to head, while isolating head from face, bespeaks a kind of kinetic prowess that is, to my mind, even more virtuosic than pointed toes, straightened knees and gymnastic limberness. It suggests an almost unimaginable control of one's physical center, and it is present in the film images of Graham's dancers from the 1930s through the early 1970s, a span that largely coincides with Graham's career as a performer.

During the last two decades of her life, the decades that I witnessed first hand, one could spot this self-control in Graham's best dancers, but it was no longer a company-wide standard of performance. Her guest superstars didn't always exhibit it either. Only Baryshnikov seemed to understand it, and it served him and Graham well. Even when his role in *El Penitente* (1940, music by Louis Horst) had to be adjusted to accommodate his bad knee, his performance was wholly persuasive as a Graham performance. With his fair coloring and balletic background, one might think that he would look out of place in this Mexican-inspired work, but he looked just right. This was not the case with Nureyev, whose physique and temperament would seem to make him an ideal Preacher in *Appalachian Spring* (1944, Aaron Copland), but whose inability or refusal to get inside the Graham technique made him look egregious in that part.

The coach who helped Baryshnikov to achieve Graham's goals in *El Penitente* was Yuriko Kikuchi, the former Graham star and longtime Graham teacher, who goes under the stage name of Yuriko. Her dedication to Graham, both on stage and in the studio, is legendary, and her authority as a teacher and a coach is unblemished. In *A Dancer's World*, Yuriko is showcased in a pas de deux with Bertram Ross, the only pas de deux in the film. As a performer, she did not resemble the Graham dancers of today. She is small and compact. Her legs are strong and straight, rather than hyperextended. Her foot is also small and only mildly arched; it is the foot of a jumper. Her look of physical security and independence give a special poignancy to her moments of tender yielding in the pas de deux, and the roles that Graham made on her often were touched by childlike qualities, such as the role of Iphegenia in *Clytemnestra* (1958, Halim El-Dabh).

Even so, Yuriko triumphed also in many of Graham's mature roles for herself, notably in *Primitive Mysteries* (1931, Horst) and *Dark Meadow* (1946, Carlos Chávez). (Broadway audiences may also remember her as the first

CHILDREN of ATLANTIS

VOICES FROM THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA
Edited by Zdenko Lešić

"Where are you from?"
"Yugoslavia."
"Is there any such country?"
"No, but it's still where I come from."

Children of Atlantis is a collection of writings by a hundred young people who have fled various parts of the former Yugoslavia in the face of war and destruction, nationalism, hatred, and ethnic cleansing. As refugees, they are seeking to continue or complete their education at universities around the world, all the while confronting the task of making something of their lives amid the catastrophe that has overwhelmed them, their families, and their homeland. *Children of Atlantis* offers poignant and horrific accounts of war's awful human face, something we rarely even glimpse from television or newspapers. It serves as a testament to the strength that can come out of struggle and despair. 208 pp., $12.95

At better bookstores everywhere. To charge call, 1-800-451-7556 (M-F, 9-5 EST).
OXFORD PAPERBACKS • OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

WHO DECLARES A MEDICAL TREATMENT USELESS?

WRONG MEDICINE

DOCTORS, PATIENTS, AND FUTILE TREATMENT

LAWRENCE J. SCHNEIDERMAN, M.D., AND NANCY S. JECKER, PH.D.

"This is a superb book on one of health care's most cutting issues, entertainingly written by two of the most thoughtful people in medicine."—Richard D. Lamm, former Governor of Colorado, and Director, Center for Public Policy and Contemporary Issues, University of Denver

"A thoughtful discussion of a difficult and pervasive bioethical problem—one made all the more critical by current concerns about limited resources."—Arnold Relman, M.D., Editor-in-Chief (emeritus), *New England Journal of Medicine*

$25.95 hardcover. Available at bookstores or from
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
Hampden Station, Baltimore, MD 21211 • To order, call 1-800-537-5487.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eliza in Jerome Robbins's staging of *The King and I*, a show that she has staged in subsequent revivals.) After her retirement as a performer in the mid-1970s, Yuriko became a mainstay for the company and for the Martha Graham Ensemble, a group of students and apprentices that she founded in the early 1980s. She staged the 1980s revival of *Primitive Mysteries*, the revival Graham apparently preferred. She has also staged revivals of other works from the 1930s and 1940s for the main company and the ensemble: *Heretic* (1929, old Breton song), *Steps in the Street* from the suite *Chronicle* (1936, Wallingford Riegger), *Panorama* (1935, Norman Lloyd) and, in consultation with surviving original cast members, *Celebration* (1934, Horst).

Meanwhile, Yuriko worked on and off as a choreographer with her own group. Graham admired Yuriko's choreography, to the point of incorporating some of it into her own ballets. The duet in *A Dancer's World*, for example, was invented by Yuriko and Ross as an improvisation for the film: "He was the Sun, I was the Moon," Yuriko explained in a recent interview. To make the piece, they used original movements that they devised together as well as elements from other Graham choreography, such as a lift with a toss of the head for the girl. "After that," Yuriko said, "Martha called me in and told me the dance was so wonderful that she wanted an elaboration of it." The duet became the seed for Graham's Adam-and-Eve dance, *Embattled Garden* (1958, Carlos Surinach).

As Yuriko and other Graham dancers (among them Paul Taylor, Linda Hodes and Diane Gray) have emphasized, this kind of to-and-fro collaboration between Graham and her company was common to the way she worked with soloists, at least from the 1950s to the end of her life. If a choreographer trusts his or her dancers, their improvisations can easily become part of a work that history attributes solely to the master choreographer. The dancers themselves are adamant that it should be so, pointing out that their improvisatory impulses have been tutored (frequently from youth) by the master. In literature, the closest analogy to this choreographic method might be the anonymous ballads or oral epics whose recorded texts reflect the input of many singer-poets, yet even this is not an exact parallel, and neither are the workshops of master painters during the Renaissance, where the underlying cartoon and overall plan preceded the application of color by apprentices. Perhaps the closest analogy would be to certain forms of jazz, in which the freedom and the individuality of each musician is crucial to the collaborative whole.

Not all choreographers work the way Graham did during the second half of her career. Certainly Agnes de Mille, her friend and biographer, was much more concerned about putting her own imprint on specific steps. Nor did Graham, in her early years, work this way. Louis Horst, her first musical director and companion (and in many ways her most enabling helpmate), would frequently try to persuade her to stop driving herself and her company so hard by trying to impose an impossible perfection on them. What separates Graham from other choreographers who have changed the history of theatrical dancing is not her method, but rather the extremes to which she depended on the method that she employed. Hodes, who was present at rehearsals of every new Graham work during the choreographer's last years, insists that Graham was in charge of her rehearsals, despite her physical incapacitation from arthritis and her occasional lapses into "vagueness," by which Hodes seems to mean bouts of distraction or mental exhaustion that Graham's spirit, imprisoned in an aging body, fought continuously to overcome.

Courtesy Barbara Morgan, Morgan Press

MARTHA GRAHAM AND ERICK HAWKINS IN *EL PENITENTE* (1940)

In fact, the telepathic studio relationship between Graham and her dancers probably became more subtle as she aged. Christine Dakin, the present star of the Graham company—her performance of Medea in *Cave of the Heart* (1946, Samuel Barber) has been compared by Graham mavens to Graham's own—relates that when she was coached by Graham as Medea in the early 1980s, Graham offered her few specific practical or technical suggestions.

> She spoke about some images that were important to her from the dance. She knew of *my* interest in literature. But her coaching was mostly by inference. About the dancing, she said very little, really, nothing as literal as, "That movement's not right." There were a few musical moments she insisted on—"Your arm has to be *here* on that sound." The dance isn't counted. But her advice for the most part was indirect. It was as if I were blind and she was taking my hand and showing me something: a bed of rocks, or the back of a tree, or a bowl of hot water. That's the sense in which she was presenting information. Then, if you're lucky, your eyes open and you see.

What Graham stressed above all else, Dakin added, was that the dancer fulfill the movement completely, regardless of how she chose to fulfill it. "You could sum it up by saying, 'Don't act but be,'" Dakin said. "If your body fulfills the movement of an angry passage, you will be angry. That's the core of her advice."

In Graham, emotion didn't generate movement; movement generated emotion. Dakin didn't need to become Medea, in a Method-acting way, in order to dance her. She had to dance Medea with devotion; and as long as she did so, she became her. It is this principle above all that unites Graham dancers of all generations, going back to the 1930s. In *Not Just a Somersault*—a documentary of the Graham technique produced by Bonnie Bird, one of those early dancers (who died this year), in collaboration with Thea Nerissa Barnes, a Graham dancer of the 1980s—one learns that when Graham was working out the rudiments of her technique early on, the exercises would be nicknamed things like "The Laugh" or "The Cry." Within this film there is also standard-setting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archival footage of Bird dancing in her youth. Compared to today's dancers, her body is stocky and voluptuous, but no dancer that I've seen in the Graham company since the 1980s could approach the rhythmic precision and the delicacy of phrasing that one sees in the young Bird. Her ability to pause in an off-balance tilt, on half-point, then, on one breath, to right herself—still on half-point—and pause again, is a glory rediscovered.

It seems to me that there have been five phases to the Graham technique, as the Graham company has presented it. The first was the era of Graham's all-female company, Bird's era, during which the dancing figure tended to be presented as a weighted mass, and there were relatively few transitions between physical events (contractions seemed to come out of nowhere, and when dancers went into falls they gave the effect of stone sculptures hurtling down), and such physical junctures as the heels of the foot and the hand were given dramatic prominence. Then there was the era of the '40s, when Graham brought male partnering into the repertory and male dancers into the company, beginning with Erick Hawkins, who was the world to her, inside and out. (She married him offstage and, in *Appalachian Spring*, onstage, too. Even after they divorced, and Hawkins left her company to start his own, around 1950, he appears to have remained the love of Graham's life.) In the '40s, the dancing figure in her work was given a torque and plasticity that softened and lightened the physical architecture of the choreography and was coincident with Graham's most powerful dramas and psychologically high-pressured sexual confrontations.

In the era of the 1950s and 1960s, Graham herself gradually declined as a technician and, through her increasing dependence on her star dancers to generate movement for her choreography, encouraged a heterogeneous lyricism in her troupe. In the 1970s and 1980s, things changed again, following her retirement from performance, when the movement became superficially balleticized through its emphasis on both line and shape-making and its use of contractions and falls as decorative effects. And finally there is our own time, the years following Graham's death in 1990, when an individual star such as Dakin can triumph but the company as a whole looks weak, tendrilly and confused about why *this* movement follows *that* movement.

During the "Radical Graham" season, indeed, all sorts of confusion abounded. *The Owl and the Pussycat* (1978, Surinach), which is hardly radical by anyone's standards, was included in the repertory, while *Night Journey* (1947, William Schuman), which addresses incest directly, was not. The stark solo *Lamentation* (1930, Zoltan Kodály), a work of high sobriety and granitic restraint, was frivolously staged for three soloists performing it simultaneously on three benches. According to Diane Gray, the associate artistic director of the Graham company, who spoke for Ron Protas, the company director and Graham heir (who declined a request to be interviewed), Graham herself had once staged *Lamentation* this way in a performance in the Metropolitan Museum's Temple of Dendur.

Graham made *Celebration* as a tribal jumping dance for a cast of women, for whom she designed elegant cap-sleeve dresses, which Yuriko's revival reproduced. But all this was changed because Protas wanted to change it: the Graham company performed *Celebration* at BAM with a male-female cast in new unisex costumes designed by Donna Karan, halter tops and sarongs that exposed most of the upper body and transformed the effect from the gamboling of mountains to the airiness of streamers caught in an updraft. The pas de deux section became undeniably livelier, but it wasn't the *Celebration* whose revival Graham had overseen and approved.

Even this might have been bearable if the company had been able to put over the major dances. Alas, one by one they toppled into mannerism and technical disorder: *Appalachian Spring*, *Clytemnestra*, *Deaths and Entrances* (1943, Hunter Johnson), *Dark Meadow*. The heartbreaking *Primitive Mysteries* got subdued applause and the raging *Heretic* got laughs. *Steps in the Street* did set the house on fire, but even it seemed to have suffered erosion of detail since the last time the company performed it at City Center.

Something is happening to the Graham company, something different from the introduction of glister, the vulgarity of design and the loss of tension that plagued it for the last two decades of Graham's life. The problem goes deeper than the cynicism that mounts three *Lamentations* on an opera house stage as it was mounted in a small indoor temple, where inconvenient sightlines might require unusual staging, and deeper than the thoughtlessness that eroticizes a celebration to the forces of Diana. The very foundations of the technique are being upended. With rare exceptions, predetermined emotion is now driving the movement.

For the latest information on current U. S. social policy...

New...Now Available!

Small Change

Domestic Policy under the Clinton Presidency

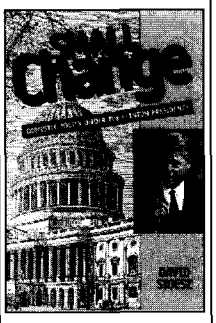
David Stoesz

"A lively and lucid analysis of the first two years of Clinton Administration domestic policy making....Stoesz's discussion of welfare reform is particularly sharp and timely, guaranteed to inform–and annoy–ideologues on the Right as well as the Left."

–Jim Pinkerton, former domestic advisor to George Bush

"An unflinching verdict on President Clinton's fitful struggles to enact systemic reforms in health, welfare, and education policy."

–Will Marshall, President, Progressive Policy Institute



Longman
Publishers USA
10 Bank Street
White Plains,
New York 10606

To order, please call
(800) 822-6339

Bargain Books

- Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports from all major publishers. Books once priced at $20, $30, $40—now only $3.95, $4.95, $5.95.
- Choose from thousands of titles including hundreds of new arrivals each month!
- Over 40 subject areas: **Politics**, Biography, History, Fiction, Travel, the Arts, Nature, more.

Free Catalog

HAMILTON Box 15-146
Falls Village CT 06031

AUDIO BOOKS

- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NE • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520

For a **FREE** Catalogue, Write or Call:

1-800-729-2665

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Late last year I watched Yuriko teach Graham technique classes during a two-week session that she arranged at City Center, and in those classes were company members whom I saw her correct and realign. I saw them perform the technique with various shades of misunderstanding and then with comprehension. I saw her help them to redefine for themselves the triplet walk, the spiral turn, the exercise on six, the Mixmaster movement for the leg known as "knee vibrations." When a student asked whether his arms ought to pull around his torso more in the wake of a contraction, Yuriko answered along these lines: "That is done now in this exercise, but Martha introduced it after I stopped demonstrating for her. I only teach the technique of my time." It is up to the student, then, to make an aesthetic decision. Some may prefer the way the arms looked in "Yuriko's time," and some may prefer Graham's later thoughts. In the classroom, such decisions can be made individually, as long as teacher and students agree that the choice is a conscious one among a commonly understood group of alternatives.

The problems arise in performance. Graham's works are constructed in such a way that only the soloists are granted this sort of choice; the choruses must arrive at a consensus. (This restrictiveness for the corps is different from Balanchine's work, where the corps' priority for agreement is a common rhythmic accuracy, rather than a common breath impulse or, as in late Graham, a common approach to shape-making.) So finally someone must step back and make decisions regarding the way the choices of the soloists look against the choices of the groups. This is a job that demands a panoramic historical view of Graham's technique, an extraordinary understanding of yesterday's claims about how the dances ideally looked (an understanding gleaned through personal experience, trust on other dependable memories and archival films) and of what today's audiences need to see in order to experience the dances in some way as the audiences for whom they were made experienced them.

Since Graham's death, this daunting ultimate responsibility has fallen on Protas. From the stage evidence—the 1944 *Appalachian Spring* performed with the technique of the 1981 *"Acts of Light"* (Carl Nielsen)—he seems to be following Graham's priorities and taste in the years that he knew her, that is, from the early 1970s until her death. Since he became Graham's consultant and aide-de-camp a quarter of a century ago, Protas has been painted as an unmitigated villain. In various blowups in the period of his influence on her, the company lost a number of dancers, including such stars as Bertram Ross, Mary Hinkson and Bill Carter. (Linda Hodes left the Graham company in 1992, after an association stretching over four decades. Yuriko left quietly in April 1994 and with her went more than fifty years of varied experience with the Graham technique.)

The most grievous charge against Protas, as far as the dances are concerned, is that he does not think about dancing the way a dancer does. And this is undoubtedly the case: he has no dance background. For this reason, Graham's reliance on him, and her appointment of him as her sole heir (he owns all rights to the repertory), spelled trouble. It is hard to imagine a dancer of any style deciding that *Celebration* could be subjected to the alterations that it endured during the "Radical Graham" season, unless that dancer was a choreographer at least as good as or superior to Graham.

And yet the changed version was indeed celebratory in feeling, and in a way that audiences of the 1990s would recognize. It gave them what they thought they wanted. Is this justification enough for all the traducements? I'm afraid not. The audiences ought to want something different, the critic must insist, and every work in the repertory ought to be sharpening its eyes toward this goal. Most important, it is the dance technique itself that ought to be leading them to want the *Celebration* whose reconstruction the elderly Graham approved.

At what point is the Martha Graham Dance Company no longer performing the works of Martha Graham? It may be that Protas is thinking like an artist in an attempt to keep Graham's company alive, when, in order to keep her repertory alive, he should be thinking like a curator. In Graham's lifetime, he was able to adopt that role: it was Protas who encouraged Yuriko's acclaimed revivals of the 1980s. Even as a curator, however, his lack of knowledge about dance technique means that he would always need to depend on an artist, or an artistic engineer, to translate his ideas; and it is in the translation—the moment-by-moment experience of the dance itself—that success or failure waits.

During the BAM season, the company unveiled a new reconstruction, attributed to Diane Gray, of a 1932 solo called *Satyric Festival Song*. (The original score, by Imre Weisshaus, was unavailable. The music at BAM was by Fernando Palacios.) The dance was pieced together from a sequence of period photographs by Barbara Morgan, Graham's most understanding photographer. According to program notes, Gray worked on it with a group of people, including the principal dancer, Janet Eilber, who performed it. (Eilber, like Dakin, worked directly with Graham.) Protas is not credited in the program, but Gray explained that he had input into artistic decisions. He knew Graham well, and was valued by her over the last two decades of her life; and, as a photographer, he knows photography. According to Gray, he made the theatrically magnetic choice of costume color—apple green—based on his taste and his hunches. (The photos are black and white, and no design notes survive.)

The dance that resulted was saucy, teasing. It may actually capture something of what Graham made: she was experimenting wildly with solos in 1932. Eilber's performance was attractive, even charming. If the Graham masterpieces in the rest of the season's repertory had been given persuasive productions, the insubstantiality of *Satyric Festival Song* might have seemed a welcome fillip; and we might have been diverted from the facts that it kept breaking into framable moments and contained none of the technical or dramatic gravity of other Graham dances from the period. I cannot tell you if the dance is step-accurate. What I can say is that it shares qualities that are consistent with what I find dissatisfying about the company's performances overall. And I do know that it is not Martha Graham's *Satryic Festival Song*, as the program stated it was, because she had no involvement with the reconstruction in the studio. This is a presumption, and to bill it as anything else misleads.

There is a famous anecdote about Graham that has Anthony Tudor asking her whether she wants to be remembered as a dancer or a choreographer. A dancer, she answers. But the choice is specious. One can only try to build what can be built, pick the best people to maintain it and hope that the future will recognize something of what the structure was meant to be. Graham did not take care of her dances very well—she fell into Tudor's trap—and it is her neglect of herself, perhaps more than Protas's lack of dance technique and social skills, that has brought the repertory to this pass.

Ironically, although she is thought of as an inventor of a technique rather than a technician, Graham did a pretty good job of selecting her studio demonstrators. Jane Dudley, Yuriko and others are devoted to the Graham technique in the specific ways they learned it, which means that something of the technique

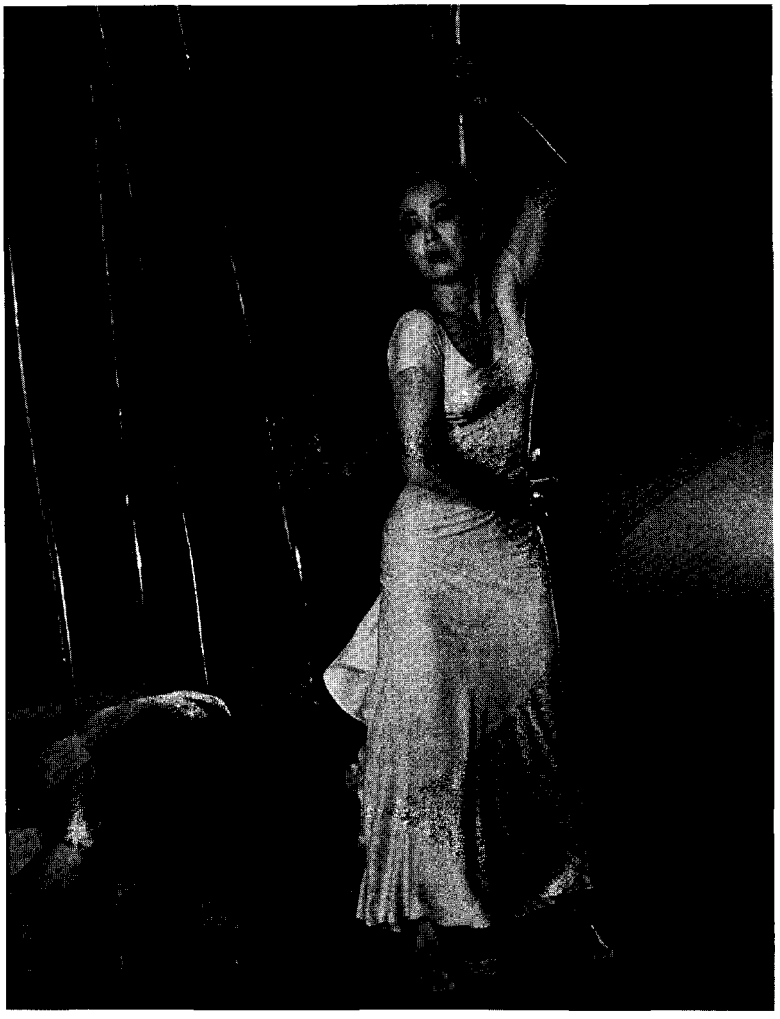
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

s likely to survive. And it ought to sur-ive, regardless of its relationship to ı repertory. It is a language, a way of ɔeing in the world, that has served other ·horeographers, dancers in other styles ınd athletes. (One of the best ice skaters o perform with Ice Theater of New York ast year was a Graham student, and Gra-ıam dancers have also choreographed 'or Ice Theater.) Moreover, the execu-ion of the technique in class teaches a lancer much that is more generally use-'ul about the body's responses and con-litioning. Graham students such as Gregory ?eck and Tony Randall ıave gone on record ıbout the benefits of the :echnique to them as ıctors.

Whatever happens to :he Graham legacy, the :risis that currently af-'ects the Graham com-ɔany may at least stimu-ate living choreogra-ɔhers to provide for the ɔreservation of their lances in the way they would like them to be :reated when they are no longer around. It may not be an accident that the most diligent students of this lesson tend to be former Graham dancers. Merce Cunningham, whose fascination with video technology is like that of a scientist, has been recording a film and video archive of his works for years, and he and the filmmaker Eliot Caplan have also produced two films on Cunningham technique. Twyla Tharp—a former Graham student and, in the 1990s, a choreographer for the Graham company—has established a comprehensive archive and video preservation of her dances at Ohio State University, and she has kept some of her older dances active by licensing their performance to the Hubbard Street Dance Company of Chicago.

Paul Taylor has embarked with his company on a dream preservation project, funded by the National Endowment for the Arts, which includes written notation (Taylor is one of the rare choreographers who has studied dance notation), video notation of various kinds, choreographic notes and plans, elaborate costume and set information, musical directions, archival clippings and even a record of the choreographer's imagistic remarks as he rehearses the dancers. (This project seeks to preserve only repertory; there is no official Taylor technique.) To my knowledge, this project's sole rival in this country is the archival project that is being launched by the George Balanchine Foundation, which includes detailed video records of former Balanchine dancers coaching their famous roles and reviving choreography from long ago.

Whether these visionary projects prove to be models for the future or blips in the time-line depends, of course, on funding, which, in the case of any federally sponsored arts or humanities preservation project, is in dire jeopardy at the moment. But money alone will not keep them going. The archivists and the acolytes need a sense of mission. One of the finest revivals I've seen in New York in recent years was the staging of Tharp's trio in silence, *The Fugue*, by her former dancers Tom Rawe, Jennifer Way Rawe and Shelley Washington, for students at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. The student dancers didn't look as if they were impersonating Tharp's early cast: they looked like themselves in an idealized classic state of freshness and vigor. The chemistry among the stagers, and between the stagers and the dancers, seems to have been just right.



Courtesy Anthony Crickmay

YURIKO KIKUCHI AND BERTRAM ROSS IN *EMBATTLED GARDEN* (1958)

Another impressive example of this sort of balance between a master's repertory and its curators is the relationship between Anna Sokolow's repertory for her company, the Players' Project, and its artistic directors Jim and Lorry May, both Sokolow dancers of long standing. Sokolow was a member of Graham's company in the '30s and a student of choreography with Horst. She began to make dances while she was quite young. In the late '50s and '60s, her uncompromising stage essays in the dramatizing of emotion through serial techniques of composition influenced choreographers as diverse as Jerome Robbins and Alvin Ailey. (Whole hours of choreography by Pina Bausch, who studied with Sokolow at Julliard, can be traced to a women's trio, several minutes in length, in Sokolow's 1961 suite, *Dreams*.)

Sokolow, who is 85, continues to produce new dances every year. She sets them on various small New York companies; but the Players' Project is where one looks for her most accomplished recent repertory. The quality of performance in this semi-professional group of young dancers is magnificent in its focus, its commitment, its dramatic inflection. During its season earlier this year in a shabby Upper East Side theater, audiences were sparse, yet those who came saw wonders. The Mays have given much of their dancing lives to the perpetuation and the maintenance of Sokolow's work, and she has given them roles in which their dancing gleams. This year she made for them a pas de deux, *September Sonnet*, whose asymmetrical equilibrium paid homage to the choreographer's imagination and to the couple's feather-sensitive anticipation of her wishes—indeed, to the depth that is possible in the choreographer-dancer relationship itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When dance historians construct family trees of modern dance, the matriarchal lineage that conjoins such disparate sensibilities as Cunningham, Taylor, Tharp and Sokolow under Graham's bough suggests a nostalgia for coherence. The connection may not exist in the minds of the individuals so linked. And yet, when one looks at the history of theatrical dancing, it is constellated with real families—parents and children, siblings and cousins, husbands and wives—passing their art around the world and into the future. In fact, it is among real families that much of ballet technique flourished in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (the Vestris, the Taglionis, the Petipas, the Legats, the Nijinskys). Families who love dancing remember one another's key details.

Recently I spoke with representatives of another sort of theatrical family, the Umewaka Noh group of Japan, a part of the well-known Kanze Noh Troupe. (This is the company whose performances in 1993 at the Temple of Dendur excited such admiration.) The Umewaka family has been producing and acting in Noh theater for more than sixty generations. Some of the Noh plays in their repertory were given their premieres in the 1600s. I asked whether it was desirable or possible to maintain a connection over the centuries to any of the evanescent production elements that surround the scripts. Rokura Umewaka, the principal actor and director, said yes, such a connection was very much desired, and he proceeded to explain that the theatrical dynasty to which he belonged had devised a way to make it possible. "Our books," he said.

Umekawa sent one of his assistants to obtain an example. He returned with a palm-sized, leather-bound volume containing the zig-zagging screen pages of Japanese bookmaking. In it were notes and tiny rough drawings, inked with several colors. Umewaka explained that these notations represented the thoughts of one of his ancestors for the staging of the repertory for the year 1897. It told how that principal actor and director solved technical problems, how he had decided to make provisional changes in the arrangement of musicians or in an action, how a dance had differed in the course of several performances, where the audience had been seated in particular theaters. Umewaka said that every leader of the company, going back to the founder, had kept such a notebook for each year. When Umekawa decides to revive a work, he consults the notebooks to see what his predecessors had tried. The books give him the confidence to try new things, for he would record in a book that they were *his* novelties and need not be preserved. If his progeny doesn't like what he has done, they can consult the annals of past decisions for inspiration, or they can make, and record, their own changes. In this way, Umewaka believes, the dances of the past are still alive, if not specifically in every performance, at least in retrievable possibility.

Will the treasury of dancing in the West survive in the future, and if so, how? These old books suggest a way. Graham, especially, might have been fascinated by them. She was a writer and a voracious reader—more even than we know from what has been published under her name. David Zellmer, who danced briefly with her company during the early 1940s before going on to a long career with CBS News, has written a private memoir concerning some thirty letters that Graham sent to him during World War II, while he was in the Pacific, where he served as a flier in the Air Force. Her missives (mostly typed) are long, dense and emotionally outspoken, sometimes funny, sometimes opaque. They tell of her actions and thoughts and perceptions during the time she was making such dances as *Deaths and Entrances*, *Appalachian Spring* and *Herodiade* (1944, Paul Hindemith); and their openheartedness seems to have been made possible by the distance between herself and her recipient.

In ways literal and figurative, these are letters to the world. They offer us much more of her than does *Blood Memory*, her autobiography, for they chart the daily riptides of her creative life during that super-compressed era of personal fecundity and international crisis. A conscientious attempt to preserve the Graham legacy cannot afford to overlook messages such as these:

Ethel [Butler] has been teaching a class in the old technique. It is hard but people seem to like it. I think it is that it gives them the emotional sense of dancing and by the contractions they are placed in the violent position of passion without the responsibility of feeling it primally. And it is like audience reaction, a kind of tragic experience, a catharsis.

The *Deaths and Entrances* went well. It is tragic and swift and diabolical at times. The public seems baffled but moved in some way they do not understand. I do not think I [would] understand it if I were asked to chart it completely. It just came that way. I think the dancing is some of the most articulate and significant I have done but the idea is another thing.... Something that is real and has reality as the spirit and its experiences [is] the only reality. I think that is why I called the new piece *Deaths and Entrances*. There are so many little deaths, those moments of doubt, loneliness, fear. Anything.... Just any moment when one ceases to be for a short time. Then there is an entrance again into the real world of energy that is the source of life....

My thoughts seem to run so much faster than my two fingers. And my heart's beat is so fast at times because I have so much to say so please forgive me if I am slightly dizzy. I wish I could say all the things that buzz around in my heart about you and things and your safety which I never seem to forget for an instant or if I do it comes roaring back to me in the most strange moments of concentration.

[*Appalachian Spring*] has a home-spun feeling to it and it may stay with the music as Aaron has written it. I have finished one dance for four girls, a kind of athletic prayer from a virgin body serviced by a non-virgin heart. The Great American Ache as Lincoln Kirstein calls it. I wonder. There are times when we find no warmth in our culture and then we become a little mad with the desolation of the heart. •

But Verify

BY ROBERT M. SOLOW

Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity by Francis Fukuyama

(The Free Press, 457 pp., $25)

An interesting, even plausible, but not very original idea runs through this book. It is stated over and over, perhaps in the hope that repetition will reinforce the reader's and the writer's confidence in its truth and its usefulness. Here is one fairly typical statement of Francis Fukuyama's thesis:

Virtually all economic activity in the contemporary world is carried out not by individuals but by organizations that require a high degree of social cooperation. Property rights, contracts, and commercial law are all indispensable institutions for creating a modern market-oriented economic system, but it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible to economize substantially on transaction costs if such institutions are supplemented by social capital and trust. Trust, in turn, is the product of preexisting communities of shared moral codes or values. These communities, at least as they are lived and experienced by their most recent members, are not the product of rational choice ...

It is important to note that the propensity for spontaneous sociability need not be tied permanently to one organizational form like the quality circle or lean manufacturing. Indeed, the reason that the art of association is an important economic virtue is that it is inherently flexible; people who trust each other and are good at working with one another can adapt easily to new conditions and create appropriate new organizational forms.... Conversely, societies that are riven with barriers of distrust, based on class, ethnicity, kinship, or other factors, will face extra roadblocks in their adoption of new organizational forms.

These paragraphs, the first from pages 335-6, the second from page 318, are representative of the strength and the weakness of Fukuyama's book. There is clearly something to it all. Even casual observation—of which there is a lot in these pages—suggests that nations exhibit persistent differences in patterns of attitude and belief that affect economic success. At the extreme, these differences have become folk knowledge. Everyone remembers that Japanese workers sing company songs, work hard and sacrifice their personal lives to the good of the firm. Everyone who has read about the Mafia knows about the thorough distrust of anyone who is not "family."

Fukuyama is certainly right that you would find it hard to run a large, high-tech industry on the basis of that sort of sullen familism. If southern Italy is actually like that, large-scale economic development will surely be a long time coming. The trouble with this sort of thinking is that it is vague and often, in any concrete sense, uninformative. How would you ever know if the thesis is true or false? There are too many escape hatches, too many spineless terms, too many ways to rationalize exceptions.

And Fukuyama uses all of them. Korea is more like China than like Japan. It is a relatively low-trust society, with not much in the way of "spontaneous sociability" involving outsiders. Yet South Korea has built a number of efficient industrial giants; in some industries it has competed the pants off of Japan. Doesn't this example seem to invalidate the theory? Doesn't the case of Taiwan do the same? Well, no, says Fukuyama. The successful industrialization of South Korea and Taiwan owes a lot to state intervention. Selected industries have been force-fed and protected. The absence of trust has been offset by bureaucratic energy. OK, but then what about Japan? Early Japanese industrialization also profited from state intervention and protection. Many observers will tell you that it still does. If Korea is not evidence against the thesis, how can Japan be evidence for it?

Fukuyama is aware that he has a problem here. He does not try to shuffle it under the rug. But all he can do is offer anecdotes and alibis, and ultimately make what is known as a judgment call. Unsurprisingly, he tends to favor his thesis. This procedure is not convincing, at least not to me, and I, for various reasons, would like him to be right. Academic economics likes to pretend that economic behavior is pretty much the same, always and everywhere, almost uninfluenced by socially conditioned perceptions and norms. If Fukuyama's thesis could be proved to be right, it might help to loosen up the profession's view in other contexts as well.

But there is some strong evidence that Fukuyama's thesis is not true at all. (It is not the sort of evidence that would normally come to his attention.) A standard exercise in economics is to decompose the observed growth of a national economy into its sources. How much can be attributed to the growth of the labor force? How much to the improved quality of labor? How much to the accumulation of capital in the form of factories, machines, computers and so on? After all this is done, almost always there is a "residual" left over, some part of observed growth that cannot be credited to a measured factor of production. One would expect the contribution of "trust" or the perceived growth of "social capital" to be captured in this residual. If Fukuyama is right, they should be an important contribution to it.

Alwyn Young, in a paper called "Lessons from the East Asian NICS: A Contrarian View," written in 1994, exploits data for 118 countries. When they are ranked by growth in per capita production between 1960 and 1985, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, South Korea and Japan come in second through sixth. They are topped only by Botswana, which owes its growth to a rapidly expanding diamond-mining industry and can be disqualified as a very special case. (This is the sort of thing that attracts attention.) When the same countries are ranked by output per person employed, i.e. by productivity, the situation changes a bit. Taiwan comes fourth, Japan fifth, South Korea seventh, Hong Kong eighth and Singapore fourteenth. That is still pretty impressive, although it reveals that some of the rapid growth has come from moving an increasing fraction of the population into active employment, which may or may not have anything to do with "trust" and "social capital."

Then, when the exercise I mentioned earlier is performed, and account is taken of the rate at which the various countries have accumulated ordinary industrial capital as well as labor, the picture changes dramatically. Egypt actually leads the list. Hong Kong is in sixth place, Taiwan in twenty-first, South Korea in twenty-fourth, Japan thirty-second, and Singapore drops to sixty-third. On this accounting, there is little, if anything, left to be explained by "trust" and "social capital." Cyprus, Thailand, Italy, Malta and Tunisia rank ahead of Taiwan. If you want to grow fast for a quarter-century, maybe you should invest a lot and expand the labor force.

I turn to another piece of research, by Jong-Il Kim and Laurence J. Lau, called "The Sources of Economic Growth of the East Asian Newly Industrialized Countries" and done in 1994. Kim and Lau analyze nine countries in a single, encompassing framework: Hong Kong, Singapore, South Korea, Taiwan, Japan, France, West Germany, the United Kingdom and the United States. The period involved is roughly from 1960 to 1990, a bit longer for some of the countries. Kim and Lau find that the "residual" factor made no apparent contribution to the growth of output in the four "Newly Industrializing Countries." Instead capital accumulation accounted for between 48 and 72 percent of their growth. In the five mature economies, including Japan, the residual factor accounted for between 46 and 71 percent of the growth. Actually Japan gained less from the residual factor than did France, Germany, Britain and the United States. (All these figures sound more precise than they are; they should be treated as rough indications, not as definite conclusions.)

Maybe Fukuyama's thesis can be rescued by displacing it. Maybe "trust" and "social capital" help some societies to achieve rapid investment, so they underlie rapid growth at one remove. Maybe. How would one ever know? Besides, if capital investment is the key, there are surely other ways to get more of it. In any case, these two studies are not definitive, and I do not conclude from them that Fukuyama is wrong. I do conclude, however, that his sort of loose parlor-theorizing, replete with fudge factors, is elusive and dangerous. Plausibility is important in a theory, but it is not enough.

Here is a good place for me to mention a bit of evidence that is possibly even more damaging to the thesis. It is known

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the Japanese productivity record is very spotty across industries. They are very good in some lines of production, especially electronics and autos, but they are extraordinarily bad in others, such as food processing and financial services. (By "good" and "bad," I mean in comparison with the United States or other countries.) If cultural differences in "trust" and "sociability" were the key factors in industrial efficiency, one would expect them to work their magic across the board. It is hard to think of reasons for such influences to be present in one industry and absent in another. So there is a strong hint that something other than Fukuyama's thesis may be doing a large part of the job.

The problem may lie with the method, not with this particular example of it. Fukuyama puts a lot of weight on the propensity for "spontaneous sociability" within a national culture. He often identifies this propensity, and the organizational forms that go along with it, as a form of "social capital," using a term made popular by Robert Putnam, who uses it in roughly the same way. "Social capital" is the accumulation of mutual expectations about behavior, which can be embodied in organizations or in internalized injunctions and constraints. This sounds like a good idea. It is a good idea. But it has its limitations.

Economists have been thinking about "tangible" capital for centuries. No one doubts that it is an important factor in modern industry and in economic growth. The stock of tangible capital is a very complicated thing. It consists of an enormous variety of more or less durable instruments of production. The more such stuff an economy has, the more productive it is likely to be. Measuring an economy's stock of tangible capital is not easy. It surely cannot be done perfectly. Stocks of metal-bending machinery have to be "added" to stocks of computers and to stocks of fermentation vats, not to mention stocks of spare parts. A further complication arises because stocks of new equipment must somehow be comparably "added" to stocks of older equipment. The result can only be an approximation. Still, we are pretty sure we can do it and take account of depreciation as well. We think we can say that this industry is more capital-intensive than that industry, or that this country has more tangible capital per worker than that country. The results are crude but meaningful.

A few decades ago, Theodore W. Schultz and, with much greater detail, Gary Becker had the notion that there was a fruitful analogy to investment in "human capital." Investment in tangible capital means spending resources now to produce an object that will contribute to production (and profit) in the future. Education and training do something similar: they use current resources (including the time of participants) to create aptitudes and skills that will contribute to production (and income) in the future. You can imagine that education and training activities add to a stock of aptitudes and skills. More such investment performed now will lead to a bigger stock in the future, and therefore to higher productivity in the future.

The measurement difficulties are enormous. There are as many kinds of education and training as there are kinds of machines. Some education and training is effective, and some is not. A lot of education and training is informal, not part of schooling. It is very hard to guess how fast skills and aptitudes depreciate; they may even build up with use. Still, there are indicators that one can use to give a crude idea of the size of the stock of human capital. Hours of schooling and formal training at different levels are routinely measured and added up. Wage differentials give some idea of the market valuation of different kinds and amounts of training and education. We feel pretty confident that we can detect differences in the stock of human capital across time and space. The concept has been a brilliant success. It can be applied in a concrete way and it casts light.

Almost certainly the idea of social capital is modeled on the idea of human capital, and hopes to emulate its success. Why not? Almost anyone would agree that cultural imperatives, social institutions and informal standards of acceptable behavior shape and limit what individuals and groups can do in economic life. Differences in the content of these constraints must have something to do with differences in economic development, from place to place and time to time. Intuition says that there is something here worth uncovering.

Yes, but if "social capital" is to be more than a buzzword, something more than mere relevance or even importance is required. Those cultural and social formations should be closely analogous to a stock or inventory, capable of being characterized as larger or smaller than another such stock. There needs to be an identifiable process of "investment" that adds to the stock, and possibly a process of "depreciation" that subtracts from it. The stock of social capital should somehow be measurable, even inexactly. Observable changes in it should correspond to investment and depreciation. Otherwise the analogy to capital is not very useful to the working analyst. A useful way of talking might remain; but without the possibility of distinguishing more from less, causal analysis becomes impressionism. When the goal is a statement about quantity (income, productivity, wealth), qualitative categories, especially arguable ones, will not take the analysis very far.

It is hard to imagine these conditions being met; certainly Fukuyama provides no examples, though he does provide some interesting anecdotes. Measurement seems very far away. To say that the notion of social capital has not yet proved itself is not at all to deny the importance of the insights that give rise to it. But Fukuyama does not help much to sharpen the concepts. He talks almost interchangeably about "social capital" and "spontaneous sociability" and "trust," though these do not seem to be the same thing or to be implied by one another. The real estate salesmen in *Glengarry Glen Ross* engage in a lot of spontaneous sociability, but you would not describe them as exactly trustful. (This is not a trivial example and I will come back to it in a moment.)

It is possible to be seriously analytical about the concept of trust, to discuss rigorously how it relates to the process of contracting and to economic calculation generally. Oliver Williamson has started from the necessary incompleteness of most contracts. Since it is impossible for the parties to foresee and to lift every possible contingency that may arise in the life of a contract, calculation can thus go only so far. Williamson explores in detail the limits of calculative behavior and the forms of trust that can replace it in contractual relations. But Fukuyama seems to be content with a vaguer, more emotive use of the word. He might argue that Williamson deals superficially with the cultural and institutional foundations of trust, and I would agree. But there is enough in Williamson's approach to establish that the relation between trust and modern corporate enterprise is not nearly as simple and certain as Fukuyama's book takes for granted.

This lack of precision imposes some costs in the chapters in which Fukuyama wants to argue that the United States is actually a high-trust society like Germany and Japan, and not a low-trust Confucian society like Taiwan and Hong Kong. As he says, this view contradicts the hoary picture of America as archetypically individualistic. This would be an easy question to settle if "trust" were the same thing as "social capital," and if we could just calculate and compare the amount of "social capital" per head of population in the United States, Germany, Japan, Taiwan and Hong Kong. But it isn't and we can't.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One argument proposed by Fukuyama is simply circular. "But if Americans were traditionally as individualistic as they think they are, it would be hard to account for the rapid rise of giant corporations in the United States in the nineteenth century." But of course if Americans were traditionally as individualistic as they think they are, that would just be an argument against the thesis that a high degree of trust is essential for large-scale corporate enterprise. A second argument is that Americans have been, historically, "hyperactive joiners" of 4-H Clubs, the National Rifle Association, the League of Women Voters, and so on. But that is where Mamet's real estate salesmen come in. You can join without trusting the other joiners. The individualist is not necessarily a lone wolf. In some yacht clubs, no doubt, every member thinks the others tend to cheat around the marks.

The trouble here is that the connection between "spontaneous sociability" and "trust" has not been thought through carefully. At the simplest level, organizations are not all alike. U.S. Steel is not like a bridge club or an Elks lodge; and, though Fukuyama analogizes them at one point, the Marines are not much like a fundamentalist Protestant denomination. To participate in a group is not necessarily to subordinate one's goals to the group, except trivially.

I do not wish to contradict Fukuyama's judgment about American civil society. He has some interesting things to say, or at least Tocqueville had some interesting things to say. I believe that the sorts of things that Fukuyama wants to talk about are more important than my colleagues in economics are willing to admit. I would rather they were discussed imprecisely than not discussed at all. But imprecision is not a virtue, and "for example" is not an argument. Academic social science is often narrow and boring, but it tends to root out vagueness and inconclusive argumentation. Maybe those people just lack trust? No, that's not it.

ROBERT M. SOLOW is professor emeritus of economics at MIT.

Don't Cry for Me, Guatemala

BY CHARLES LANE

Bridge of Courage: Life Stories of the Guatemalan Compañeros and Compañeras by Jennifer Harbury

(Common Courage Press, 276 pp., $14.95)

Between Two Armies in the Ixil Towns of Guatemala by David Stoll

(Columbia University Press, 383 pp., $18.50)

Jennifer Harbury may not exactly be "the woman who blew the lid off the CIA," as the promotional stickers plastered on this new edition of her book claim, but she did catch both the agency and its Guatemalan military clients in a lie about the fate of her husband, Efraín Bámaca Velásquez, the man known as Comandante Everardo of the Marxist guerrilla organization, the Guatemalan National Revolutionary Unit (URNG). Everardo was captured in combat by the Guatemalan Army in March 1992. The army claimed that he either died in combat or committed suicide, but a few months later an escaped prisoner reported seeing Everardo alive, a victim of brutal torture. Demanding the truth, Harbury staged hunger strikes at the White House and the National Palace in Guatemala City.

The American press swiftly kindled to the romantic story of the Harvard Law graduate who was willing to die for her man and determined to tie the American government into knots. It was not long before media pressure had won Harbury a meeting with Anthony Lake. (Randall Robinson's hunger strike for Haitian refugees in 1993 had also stirred the conscience of the national security adviser.) Based on what the CIA told him, Lake assured Harbury in November 1994 that the U.S. government did not know the fate of her husband. But then Representative Robert Torricelli revealed that the CIA knew as early as 1992 that Everardo had been killed by the army. Indeed, Colonel Julio Roberto Alpírez, who supervised Everardo's interrogation, was a paid CIA informant. The CIA, on orders of President George Bush, continued to supply millions of dollars covertly to the army after overt aid was ended in December 1990 to protest the army's stonewalling about the murder of Michael Devine, an American innkeeper in Guatemala. Devine was murdered in June 1990, and Alpírez, it seems, played a role in that case, too.

President Clinton ordered an investigation and ended all CIA aid to the Guatemalan Army's war against the guerrillas. (He retained the agency's support for the anti-drug war in Guatemala.) Now the first internal CIA report has been completed, and the verdict, even in the sanitized version released by CIA Inspector General Fred Hitz, is unflattering. The CIA station in Guatemala kept two American ambassadors in the dark. Its reports to Congress and to its own headquarters in Langley, Virginia, were late and inaccurate. And, of course, "no satisfactory explanation has been provided" for these shortcomings.

Harbury's achievement, then, was to draw attention to the enduring lawlessness and the overweening power of the military in Guatemala and to the surprisingly substantial support that the United States continues to give to this enemy of Guatemalan democracy. As late as 1994, the CIA was still claiming that anti-Communism justified paying for dubious information from the likes of Alpírez, not to mention building a Langley-style campus for the army's notorious intelligence branch in Guatemala City. (The CIA's new rationale for its Guatemalan adventures is the drug war, but this excuse is even more threadbare, given the Guatemalan Army's own role in drug trafficking.) Guatemala's military and the CIA share a common interest: they both need to justify their continued existence after the cold war. The scandal that Harbury created will surely add to their crisis of legitimacy. To the degree that this forces greater accountability on both institutions, it is a welcome development.

Harbury has helped us to learn important truths about the CIA and the Guatemalan Army. But has she also helped us to learn the broader truth about Guatemala, and the long-running internal war that has brought so much sorrow to its people? Her rather astonishing book makes clear what the largely uncritical coverage of her crusade did not make clear, which is that the Harbury story is at least as much about romantic politics as it is about romantic love. Even as Harbury

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

Jerusalem (2)

Should the U.S. Embassy be moved to the capital of Israel?

In a previous message we showed that before the Six-Day War in 1967, the claim that Jerusalem was a Moslem/Arab city had seldom been asserted and that it had come about only in modern times. The status of Jerusalem has now again become of interest, in connection with the ongoing peace process between Israel and the Palestinians and with the effort, supported by 93 senators, to move the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.

What are the facts?

Jerusalem—reunited and indivisible. Before the Six-Day War in 1967 Jerusalem was divided, the Jordanians having occupied the eastern part of the city. During their 19-year reign, all Jewish residents were driven out, all Jewish places of worship closed or destroyed, and Jewish cemeteries desecrated. The various Christian denominations, with important churches and sacred places in Jerusalem, were hampered in their activities and operated under the strict control of Moslem authorities.

With the liberation of all of Jerusalem by the Israel Defense Forces after Israel's victory in the 1967 Six-Day War and with the reunification of the city, Jerusalem truly became free and open. Just as the whole world rejoiced when the ugly wall dividing Berlin was torn down and the city reunited, so do we rejoice that the wall, the barbed wire and the machine gun emplacements have been torn down in Jerusalem.

U.S. Embassy not in Israel's Capital. While the Palestinians lay claim to the eastern part of Jerusalem, not even the Arabs themselves question that the western part of the city is Israeli. It is remarkable therefore that the United States has steadfastly insisted on placing and keeping its embassy in Tel Aviv, instead of in Jerusalem, Israel's capital and the seat of all government offices. It is as if a government accredited to the United States were to insist on keeping its embassy in, say, New York or Chicago, rather than in Washington, D.C.

With the U.S. in the lead, all other countries, with the sole exceptions of Costa Rica and El Salvador, have also located their embassies in Tel Aviv, rather than in Jerusalem. It is a bizarre situation; because no government business is conducted in Tel Aviv. The U. S. maintains diplomatic relations with over 150 countries. In all of them, the U.S. Embassy is located in the city that the particular government designates as its capital. The only exception is Israel where, so far, our government has insisted on locating its embassy in a city other than the capital.

> "The question of the status of Jerusalem goes to the heart of the Arab-Israel conflict.To deny the status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel questions the legitimacy of the state."

Congress in favor of moving Embassy to Jerusalem. Despite the fact that, prior to their election, both President Clinton and Vice President Gore, assured the public that the U.S. Embassy would be moved to Israel's capital, the Administration has until now blocked all moves in that direction, declaring that it would jeopardize the so-called "final status" talks on Jerusalem.

Leaders of Congress—both Republicans and Democrats—have introduced legislation by which the U.S. Embassy would have to be moved to Jerusalem. That legislation has been endorsed by 93 senators. It is to be expected therefore that, before too long, reality will prevail and that the U.S. Embassy will indeed be located in Jerusalem—the capital of Israel, one of our closest allies.

The reason given for not moving the U.S. embassy to Jerusalem is that it might violate "Arab sensitivities". While there would be some posturing, none of the Arab states could afford to do much else. Egypt would not refuse its yearly multi-billion dollar subsidy from Washington. King Hussein of Jordan would not jeopardize the lifeline that the U.S. has extended to him. Even the PLO would soon return to the negotiating table. The question of the status of Jerusalem goes to the heart of the Arab-Israel conflict. To deny the status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel questions the legitimacy of the state. The move of the U.S. Embassy to Jerusalem will signal Yassir Arafat once and for all that he will not get U.S. and world support for the division of Jerusalem and for the establishment—in any part of it—as the capital of a new Arab state.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco,CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3)organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ NR/52

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $75 or more. Please send me your 1-hr. videotape dealing with three important aspects of Israel's strategic situation.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

has been pursuing the truth about he ideological foes, she has been obfusca ing the truth about her ideological com rades. Her book is not a work of analysis it is a work of agitprop.

Harbury's comrades, and the heroe of her book, are the men and women o the URNG. By her own account, she wa privy to the organization's secrets, to it safe houses and to its clandestine activi ties well before her marriage to Ever ardo. Her relationship to the organi zation about which she writes, then was tantamount to membership. In he impassioned rendering, Guatemala is a fairy-tale land of class struggle waged b one-dimensional characters, rather lik one of those operas Mao laid on fo Nixon. In the ranks of the guerrillas, th oppressed discover a kind of altruisti parallel universe where all evil, all unhap piness and all dissonance give way to per fect solidarity.

Here is the radical priest Manuel, on of Harbury's pseudonymous informants:

> I returned with the underground back to my own area, and sure enough found the people I was looking for. It was a new world, disorienting in many ways. But it was the same people, the same gentleness, the same kindly and affectionate ways I had always loved in them. And just as they had done so many years before, when I thought to save the world with my literacy project, they reached out to me and pulled me into a new life. And so now, fifteen years later, I am still with the guerrillas, still with the people I have always loved. They are no longer tilling their lands, and I am no longer saying Mass, but we are still together, struggling for our community, struggling for a better future for our people. In the end, my life is different and yet unchanged—I still love, and I still serve.

Here is Harbury's description of dawn in a guerrilla hideout in the mountains:

> Abram was nearby, scraping and slicing some tuberous roots into a small black cooking pot. In the light, I could see their faces for the first time, Daniel, with the sweet, open expression of a villager, Abram looking steady, thoughtful. He was older than the others, perhaps my own age, in fact, and had the sturdy body of a laborer. Eloy I could not see, for he was on the ledge above us, sending a radio message back to the base camp. Antonio and Carlos lay on either side of me, sound asleep. Looking down at them, I could see that they were very young, perhaps not quite twenty. Their faces were round and rosy, their closed eyes ringed with long black lashes. Antonio, to my amusement, showed the deep dimples of a child. Dressed in their uniforms, their boots still on their feet, they were sleeping soundly, their rifles only inches from their fingertips.

Though their trigger fingers may itch, Harbury's noble savages still find the time to gambol and to laugh. They capture and make a pet of a squirrel. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"flirt" quite a bit. They make love. Oh yes, and they make war. Here is Domingo's stirring tale of the rallying of the troops by Teresa, the comely Mayan girl upon whom the entire platoon had a crush. Harbury claims to have recorded these words "just as they were told to me":

> ... suddenly Teresa was running toward us from the rear of our platoon, her rifle lowered and her braids flying. How swift-footed she was on that rocky terrain, and how serene she looked! As she rushed past, she grabbed me firmly by one arm, pulling me forwards [sic] with her, shoving my rifle into the correct position. She was smiling her encouragement to us all. "Come on, *compañeros*!" she shrieked over the din. "Don't be frightened, we're all going to stick together now!" And sure enough, her presence somehow gave us courage, and we ran with her to the front of the battle. We kept our heads down like she did and tried to make every bullet count, like she did. She was screaming like a banshee and completely fearless. And before long it was over, and she was hugging us, and the others too, and we realized that we had just survived our very first combat. We also realized that we would never again see women in the same way as we had before.

This rip-roaring episode notwithstanding, the fact is that the URNG's war has been a military failure. Even in Harbury's account, the guerrillas seem constantly to be fleeing from one marginal base camp to another, or from one discovered safe house to another, pausing only to mourn comrades killed in battle. Harbury doesn't seem to realize it, but her chronicle of the URNG's performance contradicts her claim that they enjoy extensive popular support. The army could not discover the guerrillas' whereabouts unless people, local people, peasant people, were willing to inform on them. Harbury thus also unwittingly confirms that, along with thousands of innocents, there were a good many real guerrillas swept up in the army's scorched-earth campaign. Everardo's murder in captivity, like many other such cases, was a repugnant violation of the Geneva Convention. It was, however, an act of war. And it was certainly not a direct consequence of "American blood lust," as Noam Chomsky rages in his unsurprisingly simple introduction.

Morally, the killing of Everardo has a totally different valence from the killing of Michael Devine, about which Harbury has evinced relatively little concern. Devine ran a hotel with his wife. Everardo was a revolutionary soldier. He had been a rebel for more than seventeen years, and in that time, presumably, he killed his share of men. His organization had carried out its share of kidnappings and selective executions; shaken down its share of rural bus and truck drivers; pressed its share of reluctant rural kids into service as guides, bearers and fighters. (It seems not to have occurred to Harbury that the sleeping Antonio might have had "the deep dimples of a child" because he was a child, or nearly one.) Everardo didn't exactly meet the fate he deserved, but he did meet a fate he voluntarily risked.

For as Everardo himself fiercely believed, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the URNG church. Here is the tribute to the dead by Jorge, a Canjobal-speaking Mayan whose diction acquires a remarkably consistent prolixity in Harbury's supposedly faithful translation: "My job is to carry on for them. They saw the light at the end of the tunnel long before I did. It is for me, as one who loved them, to bring that light to our people." As for Gaspar Ilom, the supreme guerrilla commander who has spent most of the war in Nicaragua and Mexico, according to Harbury he "struggles on, surviving the pain and the loss, his eyes firmly fixed on the other side of the Bridge. The memories of the fallen are with him at all times, giving him support, hope, and life."

You would not know, after wading through Harbury's revolutionary treacle, that the Berlin Wall has fallen, or that Fidel Castro's Cuba is in decay, or that Latin America's romance with the guerrilla has soured. (In an especially comic touch, Daniel Ortega, the Sandinista ruler overwhelmingly rejected by Nicaraguan voters in a 1990 election, has been recruited to praise Harbury's book as "the best expression of the resistance and struggle of a whole people.") More important, you would not know from Harbury's book that the URNG, too, is implicated in Guatemala's vicious spiral of violence, and that it, too, is desperate for continued legitimacy in a post-cold war world where the vast majority of Guatemalans have turned their backs on its costly crusade.

For a credible account of the rise and fall of the Guatemalan revolutionary left, we must turn to David Stoll, an anthropologist who spent long months doing field work among the Mayan people of the Ixil Triangle in the Western Guatemalan highlands. Five years ago, Stoll published *Is Latin America Turning Protestant?*, which contains the definitive account of Guatemala's growing evangelical Christian movement; and with this book, he establishes himself as the most original, readable and fair-minded North American scholar of Guatemala's rural violence.

In a rich, nuanced and empirically grounded argument, Stoll shows that, contrary to Harbury's view that misery spawned revolution, the Mayan peasants of the Ixil were actually enjoying a modest economic boom when war came to the highlands in the late 1970s. Tensions between wealthier, Spanish-speaking *Ladinos* and Indians always existed. But racial and class struggle of a more violent sort, that is, of the sort likely to attract the attention of the military barons in faraway Guatemala City, did not emerge in recent years until the arrival on the scene of a small group of guerrilla leaders from outside the region.

As Stoll shows, these were "professional revolutionaries," most of whom were not Mayan but *Ladino* petty intellectuals from Guatemala City and other urban centers. (Though Everardo, like Harbury's other rebel contacts, belonged mainly to a different URNG faction from the one Stoll writes about, Harbury herself indirectly confirms that his argument about the guerrillas' class origins applies to her friends as well. She identifies many of them as former university students from Guatemala City; Gaspar Ilom tells her how his group of nine "outsiders" secretly penetrated the highlands to the south and west of the Ixil Triangle in the 1970s.) These interlopers came armed with little more than Cuban training and a set of pre-conceived notions about what was good for the poor. In the Ixil Triangle, Stoll writes, they gained a substantial foothold through diligent organizing, a populist message and acts of violence against local exploiters. For the most part, however, support for the guerrillas was quite conditional. It was, Stoll writes, "the result of 'dual violence,' that is, the coercion produced by an armed confrontation that forces civilians to align themselves with one side or the other to save their lives."

Guerrilla activity, including ambushes launched from Indian villages, provoked the army's bloody, disproportionate crackdown. But with Nicaragua already under Sandinista control, and El Salva-

RAVEN MAPS & IMAGES
A Gift For Any Occasion.
Beautiful Wall Maps
Free Catalog (800) 237-0798
Box 850, Medford, OR 97501

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 64 pgs, 500 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 · Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dor's military rulers seemingly at the brink of defeat, the URNG felt that history was on its side. In classical Leninist fashion, the guerrillas expected their actions to inflame anti-army sentiment among the survivors, thus polarizing the rural population to the insurgents' advantage. As Stoll shows, however, events played out differently. The guerrillas were routed and the peasant population was left to deal with vicious army reprisals unprotected. As a result, the dominant sentiment among the Mayans was a feeling of terror toward the army, coupled with a feeling that the guerrillas had deceived and betrayed the people. The Mayans began to submit to conscription in army-controlled civil defense patrols: not out of a sense of genuine loyalty, but out of a characteristically rural pragmatism which taught them that the best way to avoid trouble was to appease the stronger of two warring sides.

The URNG, Stoll argues, is actually less popular among the Mayan population than General Efraín Ríos Montt, one of the military bosses who waged war against the guerrillas in the early '80s. Ríos Montt led a coup in 1982 against General Romeo Lucas García, who had been responsible for the most heinous counterinsurgency excesses in the Ixil Triangle and elsewhere. An eccentric born-again Christian, Ríos Montt did not stint on repression, but from the point of view of many in the Ixil Triangle, he at least rationalized it: under Ríos Montt, the average Mayan could feel a bit more confident that he might not be randomly murdered by the army. To this day many rural Guatemalans fondly misremember Ríos Montt for his *ley de amistad*, or "law of friendship." It was actually a *ley de amnistía*, or "law of amnesty," under which guerrilla suspects could return to their villages in exchange for future cooperation with the army. "Ríos Montt," Stoll writes, "replaced chaotic terror with a more predictable set of rewards and punishments, that is, what passes for law and order under the country's normal level of repression."

A harsh and ignoble bargain in North American eyes, perhaps, but one can hardly blame the peasants who accepted it. Polls in Guatemala (and elsewhere in Latin America) have repeatedly shown that, when asked to name the issues most important to them in their daily lives, people cite human rights less frequently than jobs and crime. Ríos Montt, ousted in a countercoup in 1983, has recently re-emerged as a perennial presidential candidate, running on an anti-crime, anti-corruption platform. So far, he has been prevented from formally standing for election by a constitutional technicality, but his supporters have fared well in local elections in the Ixil Triangle, and Ríos Montt may someday succeed in overcoming legal obstacles to his candidacy and win the job.

As matters now stand in Guatemala, the URNG has no capability to accomplish much of anything, except to provide the army with the enemy it needs to justify its continued power over Guatemalan society. The two sides are deadlocked in negotiations, which began five years ago in Norway under United Nations auspices. In the absence of military success, the URNG saw Harbury's campaign for Everardo as a way to win international sympathy for its cause and to keep human-rights pressure on the army at the bargaining table. Not surprisingly, the army hasn't been swayed, and the low-level war drags on.

Stoll asks whether the guerrillas' strategy does more harm than good to the oppressed masses whom they claim to represent. It is a good question. But Gaspar Ilom and Jennifer Harbury are ready to fight to the last Guatemalan. She writes:

> Meanwhile, the ranks swell with the younger brothers and sisters of those who fell long before. Grandparents, having buried their children, now send their grandchildren to continue the battle for a free Guatemala. Refugees, growing old in exile, send their sons and daughters to fight in their place. Peace may be near or it may be far away. It does not matter for the people who have patience. They are willing to continue to struggle and to die until the curse of the last five hundred years is broken, and their people are free at last.

The Guatemalan military (and its backers in the CIA) are guilty of imposing a brutal and uncomprehending anti-Communism on the complex reality of a backward and unjust society. But the URNG (and its enraptured American comrade, soon to be portrayed in a major motion picture) are imposing an inapposite vision of their own on Guatemala: a utopian Marxist fantasy of violent redemption that has so far only served to compound the injustice that it purports to attack. Somewhere between the army's rightist paranoia and Jennifer Harbury's revolutionary millenarianism lies this benighted country's road to peace. •

Biographical Sketch

To say she was seductive, paranoid, agoraphobic, repressed,
to say she had spindly dancer's legs, the eyes
of a cow, to say she had the voice of oil on a frying pan,
the skin of a comma, to say she loved azaleas,
her room was cluttered with cut-up articles
on Jesus' face in a tree, to say she heard the radio
before you plugged it in, to say the pond
where her father drowned never left her face,
is to forget the pennies she picked up off the sidewalk,
her husband killing himself for a buck, is to forget
modern appliances appearing before her
pretending to be friends, but to say sex was a job,
a few jagged longings lagging behind duty
and expectation, a creature of her age, lacks immediacy
and hope, forgets the will, the individual
who manages to succeed by "hard work" and "imagination,"
is to forget the photograph in your hand is not
the one you knew: her words are borrowed murmurs,
like the black widows' dress made for so many,
is to refuse to see her eyes when you look most bereft,
is to touch her green lamb's wool sweater,
what's left of it, that shred of cloth that gave her color
and fervor, reflected in her eyes a glint and spark:
is to try to forget: she was guileless, frenzied, gone to waste.

IRA SADOFF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Paninaro

I GUESS OF ALL PEOPLE TO FEEL sorry for, John F. Kennedy Jr. should not make it to the top of most lists. But there he is, plastered over *New York* magazine, *Newsweek* and now *Esquire*, his entire adulthood perused like a solid piece of New England furniture at a mid-town flea market. I bumped into him the other week in the offices of *George*, his new political magazine, where I was visiting Rich Blow, a TNR alum who's a senior editor there. I had privately dreaded the possible encounter. It's both interesting and uninteresting to come across a Major Celebrity, because you're meeting a human being—in this case, a charming, intelligent and adjusted guy—and at the same time you're interacting with some bizarre life-force that's peeking grotesquely over his carefully toned shoulders. The contrast is inevitably bathetic. How could it be otherwise? I remember being whisked to a party in lower Manhattan a few years back, a party that bore a close resemblance to what my mother must think all Manhattan homosexual parties are like. Behind two young men in boxer shorts who were vacantly passing a helium balloon to one other sat a diminutive, dark-haired woman, legs politely crossed, sandwiched on a couch between what looked like two minor characters from *Kids*. It was Madonna, and I remember both feeling what any former suburban kid will always feel on such an encounter, and therefore also an acute desire not to meet her. It would puncture the celebrity to interact with it. At the same time, of course, all celebrity in this culture attracts you with an almost overpowering force. So you're caught for a few seconds in an exquisite torture between the realization of your dreams and their evaporation. Or so it felt standing in front of the couch two years ago and hovering near the watercooler on a hot August day in an otherwise unprepossessing magazine office.

THE TRADITIONAL RESPONSE TO this dilemma is: Can I have your autograph? It's a strange ritual, which provides intimacy, a record of the meeting, and at the same time a curious distance between the two people. It occurs to me that Kennedy has devised a brilliant new way to achieve the same effect: a magazine! The content of *George* (although it's produced by a very talented crew) is almost irrelevant. To read it at all will be to reproduce around 500,000 times that watercooler moment, but without actually having to meet John-John and without John-John actually having to meet us. We all owe the Kennedy scion a great deal for perfecting this state-of-the-art user-friendly version of celebrityhood. His early attempts—constantly taking his shirt off in Central Park for the benefit of random strangers—were somewhat inefficient. (Although he tried hard. Before finally meeting him, I'd inadvertently stumbled across him shirtless twice, and I live in D.C.) Kennedy is also right to insist that *George* not take up any disconcerting political stances. It would interrupt the essence of the transaction, which is to encounter celebrity without being in any way disillusioned by it. He has devised the most elegant way to be, as Douglas Coupland has put it, post-fame.

THE SAME DAY IN NEW YORK, I went to see *Clueless*, the movie about vapid Beverly Hills teenagers, which, apart from being a work of sublime creative genius, was also my first clear reminder that I'm no longer young. It happens to everybody at some point or other, but as I attempted to grasp the language, dress codes and idiom of this underworld of privilege, I realized that the twentysomething culture has now matured to a point at which it is fully able to satirize itself at a wonderfully high level. Watching the movie, I felt like an observer of a younger generation that was not simply different but actually smarter and defter and funnier than we are. It seems that the generation that really came of age after the cold war is beginning to shape a sensibility worthy of the moment. That sensibility is apolitical, immune to any form of ideological narrative and, at the same time, curiously humane. (It's not for nothing that the movie is loosely based on Jane Austen's *Emma*.) The generation above me—the ideological, humorless boomers—were rarely capable of this; my own generation is clearly still grappling with the problems of our elders, while understanding that their constructs—"right," "left," "progressive," "reactionary"—have become almost completely hollow. The younger ones, once ridiculed as aimless and depressive, are in fact the ones figuring things out. One observation, in particular, about the movie: it effortlessly included different cultural influences—Jewish, black, gay—while having nothing like the creaking p.c. artificiality of something like *Kids*. It was not so much multicultural as unicultural. And, more miraculous, it made fun of all of it. Every now and again, in the middle of the movie, the figure of Oliver Stone drifted into my consciousness. And it made one hope for the future.

THE CONVERSION OF "JANE ROE" seems to me to be an event of far more importance than much of the media seem to think. *The New York Times*, emblematic of the elite media in general, provided so many caveats in its story that you might not have noticed the picture of the former abortion rights campaigner being baptized in a suburban swimming pool. Of course, it was not a political conversion; it was a religious conversion and, so, incomprehensible to many secular journalists and readers. But, between the lines, it seems that Roe was eventually overcome by two things: the sight of some children's swings hanging empty, as haunting an image of the tragedy of abortion as one can think of; and the compassion of a few individuals in the pro-life movement. It's the last item that really flies beneath the media radar screen. It is a given for many that the rank-and-file members of the religious right are uniformly hard-nosed, uncaring zealots. In reality, although they include some murderous fanatics in their ranks, many prolifers are humane, sincere and genuine. They can seem, to the average person, far more empathetic than the rigid denizens of NARAL; and their quiet witness is slowly having an unanswered, unanswerable effect on their neighbors and fellow citizens. The conversion of Roe is a small symptom of the impact of this; the explosive growth of the all-male religious movement Promise Keepers is another. Pro-choicers who don't appreciate this spiritual awakening are making, it seems to me, an enormous mistake. If they cannot make distinctions between bigots and believers in the Christian right, they will ultimately lose credibility with the open-minded center. A person who cannot see the pathos of the isolated Roe is not someone most Americans will warm to. Nor is someone who fails to see the meaning behind those empty children's swings.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These days, commuters can't climb
aboard with a cigarette.
For a great smoke, travel the scenic route.

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Finally, a welcome sign for both smokers and nonsmokers.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

6 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED